

THE ACADEMY

AND LITERATURE

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Notes of the Week

AT the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, held on Tuesday last, Lord Curzon of Kedleston boldly ventured to differ from Lord Rosebery's dictum to the effect that an empty purse was favourable to the production of works of genius; he regarded poverty as "positively detrimental." It is possible that the best work of standard authors has been done when they were no longer worried by the spectres of hunger and homelessness, in spite of exceptional instances which we can all remember, and which seem to prove the contrary. Lengthy lists of novels which have taken their place as unassailably great are set to the credit of men who were well provided with this world's comforts; and the names of several poets whose work is considered as giving a useful critical standard might be mentioned as coming within the same category. In spite of this, Lord Morley, who responded to the toast of "Literature," was undoubtedly right when he repeated a former assertion of his own that literature is "the most seductive, the most deceiving, and the most dangerous of the professions," although those who hear the siren-call rarely take any notice of warn-

ing statements. It is fortunate, perhaps, that they do not; for the fires of genius will not be quenched by poverty and hardship, though for a time they may be dimmed.

We have received a little book entitled "The New English System of Money, Weights and Measures, and of Arithmetic," which must have entailed an enormous amount of labour on the part of Engineer Rear-Admiral G. Elbrow, R.N., who "devised and compiled" it. The decimal system is here discarded, and a process of reckoning by twelves and multiples of twelve, as far as we can learn by reading the book once, is advocated. One result of the proposed principles is that the multiplication table becomes a terrible thing. Nine times one are still nine, but nine times two are sixteen, nine times nine are sixty-nine, although nine tens remain ninety. Two fresh symbols are introduced between nine and ten, called "teen" and "lin," but, in spite of the fact that we spent some time puzzling over the revised arrangement of arithmetic, weights and measures, no sort of clearness developed; and when we read that "perhaps the most striking change produced by the new system is the fact that we are living in the year 1135 A.D., or in the twelfth century, instead of nearly at the end of the second period of 1,000 years," we gave it up in despair. We have a specially soft place in our heart for engineer rear-admirals, knowing exceptionally well the nature of their arduous and complicated tasks "down below"; but we are bound to say that, when they take in hand the reformation of the coinage and the century, we must cough politely and talk about the weather.

A rather depressing article in the current *Book Monthly* seems to indicate, if the writer's experience is trustworthy, that the taste of the average working-class boy and girl in reading is very low, the names of standard English authors, such as Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Carlyle, Addison, and others who have been forces in our national literature, being almost unknown to them. We do not doubt that this statement is true, speaking generally; but there is some hope for the youngsters, it seems, when they join a public library. Not that we would have them solemnly adjured to read "Sartor Resartus" or "One of Our Conquerors" before they had served the necessary apprenticeship to less exigent fare; but certainly, when the boys "literally devour" the works of Henty, Ballantyne, Jules Verne, Marryat, and others of that period—as the author quaintly puts it—they must have an insatiable longing for palatable stories. If a little indigestion should follow—well, that is to be expected!

The Watchers

MEN journeying through the western wastes, for whom
 The dark has many dangers, light with care
 A fire at night, and, safe within its glare,
 Eat, sing, and sleep as in an ancient room
 Whose shadowy tapestries the flames illumine;
 While round them blaze, they seeming unaware,
 Thousands of round red eyes—the greedy stare
 Of wolves, their forms invisible in the gloom.

About us also prowls a monstrous brood,
 Fierce famine-thin, revolving cureless wrong,
 That from the dark observe us all night long,
 While round our fire, blind to that multitude
 At hungry watch, we rest with joke and song,
 Assured unthankfully of warmth and food.

W. G. HOLE.

The One Wise Man

'Twas once a Faithful Fool to King and Court—
 Object as well as maker of their sport—
 So well had jested that in grateful mood
 His sovereign swore to grant him what he would.

Then did the venturing manhood of his soul—
 Breaking through all profession-taught control,
 And lightening o'er his guarded, grinning face—
 Give him a splendid moment's manly grace.

"Grant me, O King," he cried, "a little rest,
 Lest even my soul become a mask and jest!"

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.

Of Perspective

SOME men see life as if they were frogs, others as giraffes. The frog, when we come to think of it, can see only from below, and as long as it stays on dry land it is able to keep a sharp look out on its natural enemies—storks, herons, and what not. When, however, it basks at the surface of its pond, 'ware the pike and otter that strike unseen from below! The majority of men, on the whole, take a bird's-eye view of their fellows. They hold themselves gifted with the infallibility of bishops, the omniscience of journalists, the passionless superiority of Oxford dons; and this false perspective—an illusion of relative values—colours all their outlook on life. It is easy for any man to look down on his neighbours if so constituted; and it is no

matter of age or inches, since there are callow youths who behave among their elders like Gulliver in Lilliput, and there were giants in the Grande Armée who looked up to the Little Corporal as to a demigod.

Yet, if superiority be irritating, deference also can be overdone, and the German saying, "*Zu viel Demuth ist Hochmuth*," with its homely English equivalent, always reminds me of Nietzsche's suggested version of Luke xviii, 14: "He that humbles himself wants to be exalted." I used to know a millionaire, a charming fellow in his way, who had the exasperating trick of making light of his possessions in presence of the needy, and who one evening went so far as to declare that he would give the half of his fortune to be able to play the piano by ear. Being sparingly endowed with that wholly futile knack, and also lacking his doubloons, I hurriedly proclaimed my willingness to effect the change, and I have no shadow of doubt in my mind as to who felt the greater relief that the transfer could not be completed. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to hurt our feelings by these contemptuous references to wealth; it was simply his lack of perspective.

Such mock humility is quite out of place, and is only a shade less objectionable than the superior scrutiny with which some men view their fellow-creatures, like savants at gaze through a microscope focussed on infusoria. The ideal attitude is a level gaze conveying neither flattery nor contempt, and this should come easy to those of normal human stature. We are neither frogs nor are we giraffes. If we cannot soar unaided like birds, there is no need for us to crawl like reptiles. Amateur photographers well know this value of perspective in relation to height. A picture taken with a binocular camera held at the level of the eyes gives truer proportions and more veracious results than one taken with the ordinary hand-camera held at the waist. The snapshot taken in the latter position shows the subject as seen from a standpoint half-way between our own and the frog's. If such friends as we photograph overlook the defect, it is, I fear, because the distortion flatters their inches. Were the camera held above the operator's head, with the opposite result, they would perhaps prove less complaisant.

This is what favours errors in perspective. So many people appreciate being looked up to. Toadies see their patrons from the view point of toads. That is the price they pay for patronage. You may find it even in bishops. One of them used to spell the name of the Deity with a small "g," and that of his patron, Buckingham, with a capital "B"; and another offered up the incense of such fulsome adulation to George III from the pulpit of the Royal chapel that that simple old monarch rebuked him sternly with the assurance that he went to church to hear God praised, and not himself!

F. G. A.

In the Learned World

PROF. GARSTANG'S course of lectures in London on "Hittite Studies" were well received, that on the religion of the Hittites being perhaps the most numerously attended of the three. His view that the Hittite pantheon consisted, in its upper ranks, of a supreme male deity armed with the thunderbolt and the double axe, and of a goddess with a mural crown whom he would identify with the Cybele of Roman times, is probably correct, and there has to be added to this pair a second male deity who may be taken to be the son of the goddess, although he sometimes stands to her in other relations. His view that the Hittite Father-God survived after the disappearance of the Hittite rule as the divinity who was worshipped by the legions as Jupiter Dolichenus, is more disputable, but on the whole he made out a fair case for it. Perhaps the same may be said for his recognition of both Cybele and the Hittite goddess in the Dea Syria about whom Lucian wrote his treatise, and whose name at her chief seat at Hierapolis in Northern Syria was Atargatis. But in the days of the Roman Empire, the deities of the Near East had become so inextricably confused with each other from the ignorance and atavistic prejudices of their worshippers, that the simple plan adopted by Apuleius of declaring that all the divinities of Paganism were but differing forms of one godhead was almost the only thing left for the educated. Prof. Garstang's resolution of the name of Atargatis into a compound of the Assyrian Ishtar or Astarte, and of some Aramaean word reading Hate or Hatheh, is not likely to be received without question. It reminds one of the celebrated explanation of Lambeth as the Archbishop's Palace from the Thibetan *lama* and the Welsh *beth*.

The remainder of Prof. Garstang's lectures was taken up with the story of Hittite exploration, in which he personally has been so successful, and of that Hittite art which we are now beginning to see occupied a kind of intermediate place between the Babylonian and the Greek. That it had great influence on the Asiatic art of later times cannot be doubted, and it is extraordinary to note the resemblance between, for instance, the statues set up by Antiochus of Commagene at Nemroud Dag and some of the Hittite bas-reliefs shown us by Professor Garstang. Yet, in spite of the recent discoveries, we really know very little more about the Hittites than we did when Professor Sayce and the late William Wright first revealed to a delighted world that traces of "a forgotten empire" actually existed. That a non-Semitic, probably Indo-Germanic, people once ruled the whole of the Eastern part of Asia Minor, and were able to do rather more than hold their own against both the Assyrians and the Egyptians represents all that we know about them with certainty. The ancient Carchemish and the modern Boghaz-Keui and Saktje-Geuzi were probably their chief seats; but we are unlikely to know much more about their history until the hitherto undecipherable hieroglyphics of their descriptions have been read.

Much has been made of a passage of Strabo, quoted apparently from Posidonius the Stoic, that the Gauls whom he condemns for their "vehemence and lightness" had an unpleasant habit of cutting off the heads of their enemies and either carrying them about on the points of spears or attaching them to the breast-plates of their horses. M. Adolphe Reinach, who has set himself seriously to examine the evidence for this statement, finds that it is abundantly justified by scenes represented on coins or sculptured on dolmens and ancient altars. He also opines that it is peculiar not only to the volatile Gauls of France, but to the Celtic race all over the world, as he proves by evidence from Galatia in Asia Minor, and also from Britain and Ireland. He suggests that it may have survived in the gargoyles of our mediæval churches and cathedrals which may represent the contorted visage of the dead enemy. It broke out again in comparatively modern times. Certainly both the rebels in the Irish Rebellion and the Sans-culottes in the French Revolution found pleasure in parading the streets with the heads of their victims on pikes.

The frequent fires which have occurred lately in Constantinople might be thought to have done much to destroy such monuments of antiquity as have been left in that distressful city; but according to a report just presented to the Académie des Inscriptions, they have had just the contrary effect. MM. J. Ebersolt and Adolphe Thiers, this last an honoured name that one is glad to see again in the learned world, say the fire which broke out in 1908 in the Fatih quarter had the effect of bringing to light the Column of Marcian, and that which last year destroyed the whole quarter extending from the Mosque of Kutchuk-Aya-Sofia, once the Church of the Saints Sergius and Bacchus, to the walls of the Old Seraglio in like manner enabled one to see the remains of the Great Palace. They are now of opinion that they can trace the four great terraces of the Chrysotriclinus, of the Pharos, of the Triconchos, and of the Magnaura, as well as many of the additions made by the Emperor Basil I in the ninth century. Among these was the Tzycanisterion, said to have been devoted to the game of polo, and standing, like Ranelagh or Hurlingham, in a well-watered garden planted with trees and flowers, some traces of which still exist. But the chief work of the explorers was their planning of the remains of the Hippodrome, for so long given up to the factions of the Blues and Greens, where the Byzantine Emperors used to meet their people face to face, and where many a revolution broke out. M. Thiers, who was mainly responsible for this part of the work, thinks that he can now give accurate measurements of the whole of the Hippodrome and find the sites of the principal buildings which bordered it with one or two exceptions. One of its prominent features seems to have been the provision of enormous water-tanks; but he does not yet seem able to point out the site of the Carceres or dens where wild beasts in later, and Christian and other captives in earlier days, were confined.

F. L.

REVIEWS

The Theatre and the Artist

Towards a New Theatre. By EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.
(J. M. Dent and Sons. 21s. net.)

The New Spirit in Drama and Art. By HUNTLEY CARTER.
(Frank Palmer. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE presence of these two books is a forceful reminder of the new movement that is undoubtedly at work throughout the whole of the theatre in Europe at the moment. One contains the work, in forty large designs, of a man who is, possibly, the most distinctive, as he certainly is the most whimsical, genius in the movement. The other is an invaluable summary of what that movement actually is achieving in the chief theatres of Europe. Both books are most handsomely produced, and in neither case is the price disproportionate to the substance that is offered. This seems to argue a moderately interested public; and it is worth while asking what the drift of that movement is, and what it is bringing to us on its way.

It is assumed that the drama will be served by this new interest that is alive everywhere. Really, it is something that is quite independent of drama: something that may even be definitely hostile to it—at least as drama has hitherto been conceived. Despite all his vagueness, Mr. Gordon Craig is in no doubt upon this head. When he says that he has already moved away from these designs of his, that they represent ten years' work by which he has progressed to a new point of view, it is not difficult to see how this is. These are designs, some of them extraordinarily beautiful and all of them striking, invented for the interpretation of well-known plays; or studies towards such inventions. But he has now come to a conception wherein he is no longer a producer looking to the poet for a play to produce. He regards the poet as an interloper in the field. As he himself says, "the poets wrote elaborate and tedious dramas." Together with which one may link his words commenting upon his design entitled "The Arrival," where his idea of "true drama" emerges as something that lies in the stage-direction, not in the dialogue, in "something which is being done," not "something which is being said." His designs, for example, in interpretation of Shakespeare's plays are introductory to designs that shall, in a sort, be themselves the play that they thus define. It is a fair criticism to say that his designs for Shakespeare's plays do not strictly intend to interpret, but introduce an alien element on their way to an alien end. He does not propose to himself the function of an auxiliary to "Macbeth," but he intends that "Macbeth" shall be an auxiliary to him while he moves forward to a mime-play that he shall design, he and his co-workers on the stage of the theatre, executants of divers sorts. If we interpret him aright—and those who have read him carefully will know how elusive he is—even a wordless

play like "Sumurun" would not please him, since, though words are not spoken, words are suggested: "Schéhérazade" would rather lead him in the direction he wishes to take.

The series of designs that he calls "The Steps" show something of his drift. They are extraordinarily beautiful, and full of haunting vision; and, with a little elaboration of the main idea, could be taken as an instance of one of his complete dramas. Extracting the idea that lies at the back of every significant action, he clothes it with its appropriate symbol, working in the medium of the theatre itself, by scenery, devices of lighting, and actors specially trained to pass through certain movements and gestures; and when the complete notion has achieved an eventual shape by continual working, the "play" so won is ready to be witnessed. Such is the conception we extract from a fairly close study of Mr. Craig's designs and writings—in spite of his queer habit of snapping his fingers at us directly he seems to be fixed into the corner of a definite assertion. The designs in this very beautiful book are mainly introductory to that idea. As for the drama of the literary artist, the flowering beauty of Shakespeare and Æschylus—well, he is out against it: and he is masking his batteries.

So, aided by the patient care of Mr. Huntley Carter, one turns to other aspects of the movement to see how much of the same spirit is prevalent there. Mr. Carter himself is in no doubt upon the matter. To him the producer is indeed a producer, and a person who has brought an enormous gain to the understanding of drama. Speaking of "The New Spirit in Berlin," he declares that, "through its co-operation with enlightening music and eloquent decoration, dramatic action must attain a height undreamt of by the ancients, as well as by those moderns who are engaged in the fruitless task of adapting old forms of drama to the new forms of representation." Now, that is indisputable; although Mr. Gordon Craig—at least, the Gordon Craig who advocates open-air theatres—might have much to say upon it that it would be interesting to hear. There are some nuances that Reinhardt can catch and reveal that would have evaded Richard Burbage; but the converse is also true, that there are nuances that could be caught and revealed at the Globe playhouse that would elude Reinhardt. However, putting aside the respective gains of the respective methods, let us come to the essence of the matter. It is this, that Reinhardt is not so much a producer as a theatre-craftsman who is looking about for playwrights whose work he may twist and turn about in order to make it serve as a more satisfactory basis for his own kind of entertainment. To a certain extent that is necessary. Certain plays are so obviously unsuitable to the stage that their adaptation is unavoidable. But in such alterations it is too often evident to see that the "producer" is more concerned with experimenting with his own craft than with interpreting aright the spirit of another's play. Always, whatever the gain, there is some loss. In "Hamlet," for example, we have never seen the subtle see-saw of

dramatic power between the king and the prince until the latter's banishment to England, properly depicted on any stage; but it is obvious that it was manifest under the simple conditions of the Globe.

As a careful setting-forth of the new spirit in Drama and Art, Mr. Huntley Carter's book is invaluable, and it should be the source of frequent reference. As a personal book it is vitiated by the constant assumption that the simple is necessarily the rudimentary, and that the elaborate is necessarily the admirable. Consequently his enthusiasm for the new spirit is indiscriminating. That it has brought us an enormous gain in the realisation of beauty in the theatre is undoubted: one has only to look at his illustrations—or those designs by Gordon Craig, though they were never worked out upon the stage—to see that. But there has been a heavy price to pay. A careful examination of the text of any recent plays will make it only too evident that the playwright has been leaning on the producer and the actor for his effects. In all ages the strength of drama has been its power to make its own situations, to fill them with significance, and to express the whole action in speech that is its own supreme beauty. We only know Clytemnestra by the words she speaks: they are her actions: and the more vivid they are, the more vivid she will be. But now the atmosphere, with which the play should be saturated, is given over to the producer to create; and the characters are given over to the actors to make. The playwright is virtually compelled to this course; for the producer will have his way, and the playwright may just as well spare himself trouble at the outset. When it is remembered that drama only persists from age to age by its strength and beauty as literature, the loss is apparent.

It is unfair to take Ibsen, because the major part of us only know him in translation; and the same applies to Strindberg, or Hauptmann, or Hebbel. Mr. Carter contends that in the translation a most unfair gloss has been put upon "The Doll's House," whereby an eternal struggle of sex has been made to appear as propaganda for woman's emancipation. That may or may not be: we cannot say: though the conditions suggest less of the eternal than of the temporal. Similarly it would be unfair to turn to the very great masters of dramatic literature—to Sophocles, to Shakespeare, or to Molière—all of whom, by the way, wrote for exceedingly simple conditions. Let us take a far closer comparison, and one that it is easy to make. Let anyone see a play by such writers as Galsworthy or Bennett; and let him read it afterwards, and note the gap between text and production. Then let him read them beside such frail and faulty dramatists as Congreve and Wycherly, and again note the gap between. Dramatic art is a collaboration between the playwright and the stage-craftsman. When one is strong, the other is weak. These two books are sufficient to show which at the moment is strong; and the dialogue of any recent play is enough to show which is weak. But the question is, which will succeeding ages think would have been better worth while?

Two Poets

Helen Redeemed, and Other Poems. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d.)

Love Poems, and Others. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

It would not be fair to quote Mr. Hewlett's apostrophe to Homer in the middle of the title poem of his book; but it would be fair to ask why the tale of Troy should be told again in the same form as Homer told it. Mr. Hewlett tells us that he originally devised the poem as a drama, though he does not say why he surrendered that conception; and when we come to examine it in its final, epical, form, the remnant of that first thought may easily be discovered. Homer sang an epic of the Trojan wars, and all we know of the story he told was in the form in which he conveyed it. Had he, conceivably, been writing a drama, we should have had the story otherwise. That, presumably, is why Mr. Hewlett found the dramatic form go wrong in his hands; but the same objection weighs against the method he has chosen. When he stays closely by the psychology of Helen, he is convincing and arresting; when he has to set this inner drama in the outer framework of the story, he challenges at once, not only the overwhelming supremacy of his original, but the well-worn familiarity of the tale. And this central indecision is reflected in the versification. Rhymed couplets will tell a tale; they may less easily convey a dialogue, just as they will scarcely follow out the tracings of a psychology; but they never will be supple enough to turn naturally and aptly from one to the other.

Consequently, the poem is hard to grasp, although it halts awkwardly on its journey. At times it is an old story told once and for ever long ago, at times it is an ever-new situation. Helen herself is cramped by the conditions: her inwardness thins away in the outwardness of the great events that are toward, with the result that we lose patience with her vagarious soul, even as we certainly lose patience with the last unnecessary sacrifice that is demanded of her. As a whole the poem reads very artificially; and the reason partly is that Mr. Hewlett has not realised what Mr. D. H. Lawrence has grasped only too boldly.

His love poems are surely the strangest love poems that ever were written. There is nothing outward about them; there is no larger significance such as in poetry stirs the blood with a universal cry; they are just faithful to each mood of the lover; to the revulsions, however, rather than to the aspirations, to the hatreds and hells that are in love rather than to the wonders. Each impression is caught and registered; and because that is so it would be true to say, in a very deep sense, that they are each untrue. Each has something that is fundamentally ugly because it is full of disgust and distaste at the details of a mood that in its whole is beautiful. It is life in the troughs of revulsion; it is, in a much-abused though too often a well-won phrase, a neurosis that depletes and vitiates the highest in man, leading very often to a luxurious surrender of effort;

and each uncertain, hesitating rhythm of the verse is faithful to the mood that has awakened it. So Mr. Lawrence sings:—

You are the call and I am the answer,
You are the wish, and I the fulfilment,
You are the night, and I the day.

What else—it is perfect enough,
It is perfectly complete,
You and I,
What more—?

Strange, how we suffer in spite of this!

Possibly, if the lover had wisely inverted the order of the questions and responses in the first three lines, in his relations with his love, the suffering might have been a good deal less. Certainly the love has some excuse for "wilting in fear of his kiss" in several poems, if the lover insists on calling her the night and himself the day. Yet, apart from such surmises as to the cause of the trouble, there is no doubt that there is power in many of these poems. They are unequal, naturally; and their craftsmanship is often very immature, seeing that power and fine craftsmanship seldom marry early in life. Their sincerity, too, in an excessive reliance on what appears to be independence of thought, leans over into insincerity. These are faults by the way. That they do not ring with the large suggestion that makes poetry memorable is the graver fault; but they do not set out to that end; they are content with expressing the twists and turns of a strange mood.

That is the link between the two volumes. If Mr. Hewlett had been content to leave the Trojan story, had been content to slip the four staves about the great horse, and to hold himself closely to the heart of Helen, with Menelaus and Paris on each hand to give the actuation to its affairs, and with a more flexible verse to express them, the result would have been a much closer appeal to the sympathy. The other poems in the volume have a remoter appeal by the very nature of their subjects. Nor are they easy to understand. For example, "Hypsipyle" invents a story that purposes to express the "high mating of the mind"; but, in fact, it celebrates concupiscence in a quaint, and unpleasing, description of what must have been a most unsatisfactory situation. The same kind of thing is the subject of "Oreithyia," where, however, there is a rush and glory that sweeps it clean like a wind. But these poems deal not with humankind but with the shades: "Helen Redeemed" has for its centre a human interest that is not given enough room in the epical course of the story. And Mr. Lawrence's poems express in his own person just such a complicated human issue. Yet neither volume catches one with an universal appeal. Both are devious rather than direct. In their different ways they voice a certain tendency in modern poetry that is profoundly interesting although it also seems as though it were intended for a special circle of initiated readers. And Mr. Lawrence, especially, leaves one with a haunting sense of melancholy landscapes that brood as a kind of symbol of strangely inverted moods of love.

An Engineer of Empire in the Drawing Office

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

The Nation and the Empire: Being a Collection of Speeches and Addresses. With an Introduction by LORD MILNER, G.C.B. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

LITTLE Englanders and others sometimes say that the British Empire has reached its zenith—that in the nature of things we must look forward to a senile decay, and they point to the rise and fall of the Empires of the world which have preceded us; that in Nature everything has its birth, its youth, its manhood, and its old age, and that we cannot expect to be exempt from universal laws. It might have occurred to Empire builders in the past, when Great Britain received blows which would have staggered and damaged a less self-reliant race; when we lost our American colonies and had to fight all Europe in arms; but the Empire builders of those days never lost heart or faith in our Imperial destiny, and some of us believe that there is still before us a great work. It should be remembered also that our Empire has been built up on higher ideals than all those which preceded it.

The phase which we are now entering upon is one of consolidation. We seek no more territory, but we are determined to hold fast to that to which we have succeeded as trustees and to weld it into a homogeneous whole. This is a great engineering work requiring men of action and men of foresight. Lord Milner all his life has been essentially a man of action—in this book we see him in the drawing office laying out his plans and explaining his views. It is not history, because in the nature of the book he does not tell of what he has accomplished—but it is a book that will be useful to those who are closely watching the evolution of the Empire and it will be a powerful sidelight for those who will write history later on. It comprises the most interesting and illuminating speeches made by a great statesman during a momentous sixteen years, viz., from 1897 to 1912.

In his opening speech he says quite frankly:—

I have read a great many astounding things about myself lately, but I have not read anywhere that I was a good speaker, and, therefore, whatever may be the difficulties of the future I have no embarrassing reputation to live up to.

With this remark on the second page, the reader does not look for any flights of oratory or gems of English prose; but there are sentences which grip one all the same—perhaps for the very fact which is apparent in all of them, that they are the work of a very busy man who had little time to prepare speeches.

Alfred Milner is of the class that we like to think and believe that the British only can breed. Drawn from the middle-class, with his own way to make in the

world, educated according to English ideas with a strong classical bias—he went to Balliol and became one of Jowett's young men. The Bar followed almost as a matter of course—then journalism—politics—and finally a private secretaryship to a Minister. It is a long training, but it turns out weapons tempered like steel. He went to Egypt and learnt the mysteries of finance there, returned to the more humdrum but not less exacting duties of the chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, and then was asked to take a hand in watching the cauldron that was brewing in South Africa during the final years of the nineteenth century.

A banquet was given to Lord Milner on March 29, 1897, on his departure for Cape Town to take up the post of Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner. It was a great "send off," and nearly all parties were represented. Mr. Asquith, then in Opposition, made an excellent speech, proposing the health of the guest, and the book opens with Sir Alfred Milner's reply.

He was told and he knew that he was going "to face a very ugly business," but he declined to be pitied:—

For no man is to be pitied whatever happens, who in the best years of his life is not only permitted, but is actually called upon to engage in work into which he can throw himself with his whole heart and with a single mind. A public servant must go where he is wanted.

That is exactly the temper shown throughout the book. He hoped to do all right—he plainly thought he had the ability and the courage—but he had no illusions. Things might go wrong; he would certainly receive much criticism and blame, and sometimes not get all the support he expected; but it was all part of the game—his business was to take the job on and do it to the best of his ability. After all it was a high and responsible office in which *kudos* could be obtained, and therefore with proud spirit he set out for the Cape.

Then follows a long list of Cape speeches full of Cape politics. It must be remembered that it was only a little more than a year after the Jameson raid; the Dutch were very sore and suspicious, and it required a firm and dexterous hand to take control. There are not many speeches during the war, simply because the High Commissioner was otherwise engaged—he was called heartless, bloodthirsty, arrogant—a prancing pro-Consul, and an Egyptian satrap—but he went on with his work as if there was no such a thing as a swarm of gadflies both at the Cape and in England always at him. Then came speeches on his return home—banquets of welcome, of congratulation, of freedoms of cities—all breathing the same note of loyal service and patriotism and a belief in our Imperial destinies.

A trip to Canada and a crusade in favour of Tariff Reform comes next, and then a general dabbling in politics as a member of the House of Lords.

He does not pretend to be a strong party man, although he recognises that the party system is the only one suitable to the genius of the British race—but as an adviser with wide experience in different parts of the

world he is an invaluable asset. He has been used once or twice since. He sat upon the Joint Committee appointed to organise the Port of London Authority, and took the same detailed care which he had displayed on larger questions. The same simple devotion to duty is apparent all through his career. He gives his reasons for the faith that is in him. He shows us where he thinks our salvation lies. There is no hesitation in his utterances, no doubt or looking backward; he sees clearly the direction in which we should go. If he does nothing more his name will be imperishably associated with the other great builders of Empire—but if we mistake not—in the days that are impending—he will once again be called upon to take a further and perhaps greater share in the work to which he has dedicated his life.

The book might with advantage be made a text-book in our schools.

Blake as Engraver

The Engravings of William Blake: A Critical Study, together with a Catalogue Raisonné. By ARCHIBALD G. B. RUSSELL, B.A. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 25s. net.)

BLAKE'S position to-day is one that must surely give pause to those who make prompt and certain judgments on art. One of the most extraordinary figures in English literary or pictorial art, one of the very few men whose gigantic stature is least open to question, he is, nevertheless, a touchstone who divides men of judgment into two complete and opposite camps. And what makes him a salutary figure to think on is that it is his very greatness, his terrific and absolute imagination, that makes him most misunderstood. There are men who oppose him fiercely just because he does what it is the business of every artist to do: that is to say, he challenges the littleness of men, compelling them, by the very utmost of his power, to realise that they are indeed gods. The little trivial artist who is content to carve his elegant pebbles in a small and exquisite way, will pass unchallenged, while this giant of men, after his work has been before the minds of men for over a hundred years, has still to have his right-of-way questioned. We have heard men whose arbitrament is held as of some account declare that, in the ranks of Art, Blake is but a curiosity—to which the only possible reply surely is that this is so much the worse for Art. To mention a famous example, in a well-known series on English men of letters, writers like Maria Edgeworth, James Thomson, and Adam Smith find a place, while Blake still has the door shut against him. And that is very typical of a certain attitude towards him. Yet, if one were to say that few among all the ranks of men have displayed such sheer power and majesty of mind, that would be a word hard to gainsay when one had reckoned up the achievements of Man's imagination. Æschylus' tragedies, Shakespeare's tragedies, Blake's engravings, Beethoven's

symphonies and D major Mass—the spirit of man may thrive more lustily in that field than on all the pretty work of the ages.

That is why any book that seeks to display the workings of Blake's own mind is one that it is the business of every earnest man to call upon other earnest men to heed. Such a book is that compiled by Mr. Russell. Something of this kind was much needed, since a non-literary output is one of the hardest things to trace. Mr. Russell himself makes one strange defect in an otherwise admirable volume by not always stating where the engravings which he catalogues may best be seen. In other words, he omits from his book the thing that would have provided its chief value. It is not enough to know the whole of Blake's output as an engraver, important though it be to have such a catalogue fully worked out, with details concerning the cause of being of each engraving or set of engravings. Mr. Russell has selected his illustrations with care and wisdom. Yet out of a hundred and thirty-six engravings and designs thirty-two reproductions—though liberal enough from the point of view of the expense incurred—is not much. It is the engravings themselves that are the thing, not an academically complete summary of them. And there are a few, not academically minded, but to whom Blake has a spiritual significance, who would be glad to be able to track out those that do not lie in books, such as the remarkable engraving of "Joseph of Arimathea among the Rocks of Albion." It is not a very grave defect, since it only applies to engravings that were not published in book form, which were but few. Yet the omission is a pity in a book such as this, that is bound to take a high place in Blake literature.

To his catalogue Mr. Russell prefaces a short history on Blake as an engraver. It is careful, balanced, and complete, keeping closely to fact and avoiding comment. It is clearly intended to be read by those who are familiar with Blake literature. But Blake literature is not particularly accessible. Some of the most useful books are either out of print or very hard to obtain. Therefore we could have wished that Mr. Russell had allowed himself a little more liberty and freedom of comment. That is to say, we wish the biographical outline had been filled in more clearly, and the periods of productivity and prodigious inspiration had been set more completely off against the periods in which he was harnessed to uncongenial work, or found himself working at conceptions that he could not reduce to form. The contrast between his work and his life yet remains to be worked out. For example, exactly what relation did his periods of great inspiration have with his visions? To be sure, that would have made a much fuller book, but the size of the book would have stood it. Yet the main thing, of course, is that Mr. Russell has come forward to do for Blake as an engraver what Messrs. Ellis and Yeats did for him as a poet; and to say so much is to say no small thing. Moreover, he has accomplished the task he set himself. The engraver's is half a literary art, since it depends on books and

the making of books; and as poet and engraver Blake delivered himself of the thing that was in him to say. In a curious sense one was a complement of the other. In both, the prophetic cast of his mind is revealed, but it is as an engraver that he best managed to reduce that aspect of his soul to a final and perfect form. A dream-edition—such as will never be realised, though twenty Grant Richards came to life—would include all his poems and engravings, so schemed and arranged that the same mood in one reflected and revealed the same mood in the other. Such an edition, that one can cast in one's mind, would display as nothing else could how completely one was the complement of the other, and how just it was that he should surround his poems with his own designs. One remarkable illustration of this is provided in this volume. Mr. Russell has very happily reproduced the Joseph of Arimathea engraving. It is not only a terrific conception for a boy of sixteen, but already there we see the names, symbols, atmosphere, quality, and timbre of imagination that later erected, not the formlessness, but the over-detailed, over-elaborated style of the Prophetic Books. Such an edition, however, must remain a thing for one's dreams; but it is to the credit of Mr. Russell that it is easier to erect it for one's own satisfaction in one's own secret dreams because of this book of his. It is certainly a book that the increasing tribe of Blake lovers will possess. And we think that it will help to increase that tribe by the greater distinctness it gives to Blake's achievement.

The Stage: How to Avoid being Produced

Five Unpractical Plays. By KENNETH WEEKS.
(George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

SOMEWHERE we read a phrase which seemed to be a Chinese proverb: "It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops."

The reviewer who reads these plays is, we fear, acting with something the same hypocrisy. He pretends to himself that he works steadily through "Suzana and . . . the Elders," "A Man of Principle," "Tourehl and Ylande," "The Substitute," and "Involution," with the hope of finding the meaning of the work of Mr. Weeks, his sacred thoughts, his wit, his immaculate purpose. But in reality he reads on and on merely to accumulate the vast absurdities with which the book is so generously provided.

In the unpractical "Suzana," a character named Smith introduces a thing called an odourphone, which is admirably described in the dialogue. Smith says, "This is my fifteenth composition for the odourphone. The first movement is *largo*, and the main theme is introduced by wind instruments *piano*. Then the strings take up the 'haunted' motive in triplets, developing it by the addition of the 'Fate' phrase with the horns to a more and more animated semi-

climax; there is a sudden crash and a long pause, in which the main theme is crushed to diminished thirteenthths in 9-12 time." Having said so much to Hallowall Pitts, an elder of an American city, Smith works his instrument, and after many smells Pitts says suddenly: "That's the Rocquefort!"

Smith: "Only an indication of it."

(The odours suggest a superb dinner, roses, perfumed ladies.)

Then Pitts, starting: "Those are the haunted trip-lets—what are they?"

Smith: "Paramaceans."

(The idea is developed and then the hearer says "violently and startlingly": "Good Lord! What is that?"

Smith: "That is the 'Fate' theme. It is rats."

We wish we could go on quoting, but, alas! the dialogue becomes too funny for our staid pages. One good thing about this part of the play is that it has nothing to do with the matter in hand, namely, the causing of Pitts, the elder, to act in some sort of rag-time Salomé play which he has censured. If only this vaudeville and the rest of Mr. Weeks' plays could be put on the stage, no farce of our day could stand against them for a moment. Taken seriously, "Tourehl and Ylande" is the wildest fun. It is, perhaps justly, called an improvisation in three parts, with a prelude. There are many characters, such as a labourer, a young girl, a knight, a prince, and the head, the heart, the body; then there are a dancer, a painter, an architect, a musician, a sculptor, a writer, also, and above all, the seventh artist, two spiders, two lovers, a mother and her son, four dragons, and just two more dancers. These ladies and gentlemen possess very quaint names, and it is impressed upon you, so as to make the matter easy, that they are "voices," nothing more.

The book is unsurpassed, as far as we know, in the English or American language, for pure, doubly refined, essential absurdity. There is no other book we can so fully praise for power of creating ironic laughter. For this purpose all the five unpractical plays are good, but those that are wholly serious are, of course, by far the most amusing.

If Mr. Weeks has intentionally set out to provide us with a luscious entertainment, we congratulate him and thank him; if he has written his plays in noble, simple seriousness, we congratulate him also, for he has the heart of a child—and everybody knows what a valuable possession that is in life and literature.

EGAN MEW.

Studies of Strindberg

August Strindberg, the Spirit of Revolt: Studies and Impressions. By L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

IN setting out to write her impressions of Strindberg Miss Lind-af-Hageby keeps ever before her the idea that she has to defend her subject from the attacks that have been made upon him. Not that the book

suffers from being written by anyone with a biased attitude; the author is usually very fair in endeavouring to place before her readers the many sides of this strange person's character; but at the same time, if we had only the account in her book upon which to form an opinion of Strindberg's life and works, we should wonder why he was ever acclaimed a great man, or for what reason so many thousands of his countrymen sought to pay him their last homage by joining in the funeral procession. But it is difficult to try and present to ordinary people a picture of a man who was extraordinary to a degree. From the days of his youth he had not the slightest idea of temperance in its wider sense; moderation to him was a meaningless term. He threw himself heart and soul into whatever he undertook, not only mastering the intricacies of his subject, but dissecting it to such an extent that, when he had probed and laid bare its inner mysteries, it was thrown on one side; the cruel analyst had no further use for it.

One would think that the character of misogynist had not been unjustly applied to Strindberg, considering that in many of his plays the part assigned to woman is both unpleasant and ignoble; but the facts were that he loved them and feared them at the same time—feared them in the sense that he dreaded their influence. "The beautiful wardress of my prison," he writes of his second wife, "who spied on my soul day and night, guessed my secret thoughts, watched the course of my ideas, jealously observed my spirit's striving towards the unknown." "Creditors," a one-act play, sets forth the horrible state unto which a man is reduced who had allowed his wife to batten on his soul and take from him the whole of his personality as well as his ability as an artist.

Björnstjerne Björnson said of Strindberg that, "in spite of many experiences—not religiously, but morally," he was still a pietist at heart, and in that sentence we have a very clear notion of the influences at work in Strindberg's mind. The Puritan's narrow boundaries possessed his soul; he could not keep within the compass prescribed by the Pietist sect, but, all the same he thought that he ought. Breakings away from this unnatural and ungodlike standpoint resulted in great depression until he eventually developed a persecutorial mania, from which he took some time to recover. If from the beginning of his career he could have adopted a saner and more catholic outlook upon things in general, he would doubtless have been a far happier man, but whether the results of his labours would have been better or worse is a matter for controversy. Dissatisfied with his matrimonial ventures, his home and his friends, his strong nature had to find some outlet; hence his stories, plays, and autobiographical writings. It is not possible at this early day to decide which of them will live. It is certain that many cannot, for anything dealing with passing phases and moods of the moment must necessarily cease to be of interest when the particular phase or mood has passed which gave them birth.

Too Rich

Anecdotes of Bench and Bar. Collected and arranged by ARTHUR H. ENGELBACH. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

A BOOK of legal anecdotes is like a plum pudding, too rich to be consumed except in small quantities; and, when the plums are so numerous, it is difficult to extract them without spoiling the whole confection. There are more "good things" in Mr. Engelbach's collection than can be absorbed or assimilated in a single perusal. It must be studied deliberately by anyone who desires to gain a reputation as a raconteur of its stories. As a collection it is good so far as it goes, but it is certainly not an exhaustive repertoire. Every lawyer knows, and has probably often told the anecdotes, of Justice Maule's "one law for the rich and another for the poor," of "the chops of the Channel(l)," of Commissioner Kerr's "Kiss the book, kiss the book, sir; you may deceive the Almighty, but you won't deceive me," or of the witness's reply, "Just as far off as I am from you," to Frank Lockwood's question, "How far can you see a beast to know it?"

These are only a few instances of the omissions that suggest themselves at the moment. It is remarkable that they should have been overlooked, as the compiler acknowledges his indebtedness to some forty-eight different works. But here again may be noticed the absence of such books as Montagu Williams'—though one of his stories is quoted—and "The Book of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom." The omissions are noticeable because the index shows the wide range of the compiler's researches. Among the contributors to these anecdotes the most frequent are Bethell (indexed, also, as Westbury), Bowen, Bramwell, Cockburn, Curran, Darling, Eldon, Hawkins, Jessel, Mathew, Maule, Daniel O'Connell, Stephen, all well-known luminaries of the Bench and Bar. But many other equally distinguished names will be recognised as authors of bon-mots and witty repartees. Most of the best stories are too long to quote. Some old chestnuts inevitably reappear, such as the nervous young barrister's repetition of the words "my unfortunate client," and the Judge's encouraging remark, "Proceed, Mr. —; so far the Court is with you"; or the Judge's rebuke, "I may teach you law, Mr. —, but I cannot teach you manners"; "No, my Lord," was the quick rejoinder, "I know you can't"; or, again, Lord Norbury's question to a barrister companion, as they rode past an untenanted gibbet, "If that gallows had its due, Parsons, where would you be?" "Riding by myself, my Lord," was the prompt reply. These are the very flotsam and jetsam of the social life of the Bar, retold to each succeeding generation of legal aspirants.

Mr. F. E. Smith, in his introduction, dwells chiefly on the kindly relations between the Bench and Bar as producing flashes of humour to enlighten the dullness of legal tribunals. It has apparently escaped

notice that juries, witnesses, and parties to the trials provide, actively and passively, quite as many anecdotes as the learned gentlemen in court. The following are to the point. The Judge asked a juror, who applied to be excused from serving on account of deafness, "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honour's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused. In a nuisance case the Judge summed up at such length that he wearied the jury, and concluded, "I hope you understood the various points I have submitted to you?" "Oh, yes, my Lord!" said the juror; "we are all agreed that we never before knew what a nuisance was until we heard your Lordship's summing-up." A female witness was so voluble as to be unintelligible, and replied to a question testily, "It's no use your bothering me; I have told you all I know." "That may be," replied Hawkins, J.; "but the question rather is—do you know all you have told us?" When a Lord Mayor was testing a boy's orthodoxy by asking him paternally whether he knew where bad people went to after they were dead, his Lordship was much disconcerted by the ready answer, "No, I don't; no more don't you; nobody don't know that."

Maule, as Judge, had similarly to test a little girl's understanding of an oath and its obligations. She believed that she would go to heaven or "the naughty place," according as she spoke truth or told lies. "Are you sure of that?" "Yes, sir; quite sure." "Let her be sworn," said the Judge; "it is clear she knows a great deal more than I do." A prisoner, defending himself, was asked by the Lord Chief Justice, who had not heard him well, "What was your last sentence?" "Six months," was the prompt reply. It was a sharp repartee, when another Lord Chief Justice commented on a counsel's argument, "If this be law, I must burn all my books, I see." "Your Lordship had better read them first," was the counsel's rejoinder. When another great Judge asked the counsel, "What authority have you, Mr. Jones, for that proposition?" "Oh, my Lord," said Jones, "I should not have thought any authority was required for so well-established a principle. Here, usher, just get 'Blackstone' or 'Chitty,' or any other elementary book, and hand it up to his Lordship." It is astonishing how often mere rudeness passes for wit. Judge Jeffreys, taking a dislike to a witness who had a long beard, told him that if his conscience was as large as his beard he had a swinging one. To which the witness replied, "My Lord, if you measure consciences by beards, *you have none at all.*" In some of the anecdotes there is no claim to wit; others are merely incidents, amusing by the circumstances; others contain a play upon words of double meaning. When a Scotch Judge mispronounced the language of some French documents he read, Cockburn, who was a good French scholar, exclaimed, "He is murdering it, murdering it!" "No," answered Thesiger "he is not killing it; he is only scotching it."

The want of any classified arrangement in this book may be observed; but it is perhaps an advantage, as

the reader is induced to continue its perusal unto the end; though the anecdotes vary in merit, there is always some instruction, if not amusement, to be derived from them. The collection will admit easily of being amplified, and thereby improved in another edition, to which Mr. Engelbach should forthwith address himself.

Shorter Reviews

Peeresses of the Stage. By CRANSTOUN METCALFE. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE temptation to quote from such a book as this is almost irresistible, not only on account of the matter which it contains, but—and this in a greater measure—for the sake of the manner in which that matter is presented. Here are nine-and-twenty examples of "actressocracy"—to quote the coined word—placed for view in scholarly, dignified fashion, and "the criticism of life implicit in my version of the twenty-nine cases" not only redeems the work from an average place among the multitudinous biographies of to-day, but gives it a high literary value; it is a noteworthy book.

"Madam," wrote one of the admirers of Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, "you may be a Person of Honour, for aught I know to the contrary"—and the author's comment on the quotation must be read, for we decline to quote the rest of the paragraph. But, since many such bits occur, especially in the first of these pages, it may be well to observe that the motive of such a book lies in the improvement of manners rather than of morals. The author's best work is that which treats of the Grand Period of Personages, when the art of bowing was thought worthy of cultivation, and before plutocracy mattered socially. In that period he is thoroughly at home, a gallant gentleman turning phrases with the foremost of the wits. Among the living representatives of actressocracy he owns to limitations: "It was, I hope, delicacy of feeling that restrained me. But, of course, there is also a law of libel."

Having read the book, we are, in common with its author, much obliged to these ladies for having lived, and quite as much obliged to Mr. Metcalfe for having made them live again, and that right wittily and really, albeit briefly. "It is the function of literature to show the things of time against a background of eternity, and it is one of the charms of literature that her most attractive teaching is done incidentally, not dogmatically. Literature believes in the 'divine innuendo,' and literature is right."

We may add that here, in a book which has a distinct claim to rank as literature, and that of no mean order, the function of literature is well exercised, and in the manner in which available material has been utilised none of its charm is lost. Especially in remembering such "faint echoes of the past" as the first ten characters to whom the manner of the work lends new interest, we feel that this is a book to keep in order that one may read it again.

Along the Road. By A. C. BENSON. (Nisbet and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THOUGH this series of essays is lucid and in a measure inspiring, as are all this author's works, it provides little of mental food, but rather a succession of sweetmeats, more toothsome than nutritious. We read "A.C." as we read Omar, for the philosophy which its author describes as "threadbare" is expressed far more mellifluously than we had thought possible. At the end, it is almost as Mr. Benson says of Gladstone's speech on "Artemis": "When I came to make up my report, I could not think where the whole thing had vanished to," for here we have thoughts intrinsically old and familiar, dressed anew. It is the form that attracts, not the substance, and we come to such a book as this rather for mental soothing than for food.

It may be that "if one could clear away all the unnecessary work of the world, be content with simple shelter, well-worn clothes, inexpensive meals, a few good books, one would have time to live"; and then one would agree with Mr. Benson that the "inner life" is all that really matters, and the fever of every-day existence is a vain business. Scenery, friendship, emotions—even passions—on these the inner self lives, we are told. Unfortunately, the work-a-day world compels us to maintain the pace set by our own fellows: bread and butter matters, and must be considered.

So we will take our Bensonian reflections in such doses as the hustle of life permits, rejoicing in their literary form, and grateful to their author for such delicate, fragrant studies. When we require to chop away the trees in the path of life, we will grasp the commonplace hatchet; when we desire to cut flowers that we may inhale their fragrance by the way, we will make use of such dainty, razor-edged tools as are provided by these essays. To drop strained metaphor, we will read "Along the Road" as time permits for the sense of indolent pleasure that perusal of its contents imparts—but we will not read it for its use.

The Isles that Wait. By a LADY MEMBER of the Melanesian Mission. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

THE ordinary missionary book of our childhood was usually a production of almost portentous dullness. We refer now more especially to that class of volume wherein missionary adventure and work were carefully converted into spoon-meat for the juvenile mind. In this respect there has been little short of a revolution. We have to-day both the scientific and the popular type of missionary book. At the former even geographical experts look with respect; while something of the spirit of high adventure and daring enterprise informs the latter, and makes it a veritable romance. "The Isles that Wait" can scarcely be allotted definitely to either class; there is true regard for scientific accuracy which yet does not militate against the interest of the story. It is an account of obscure workers in an obscure field.

Our knowledge of the geography of Melanesia must be refreshed by a map, which the volume thoughtfully

provides. This far-away group of tiny islands in the Pacific has perhaps as thrilling a story of missionary heroism to tell as any of the better known fields. The volume is a collection of narratives of the lives and works of native teachers, very few names of European missionaries being mentioned, though that of Bishop Patteson pervades the book like an influence. There is a freshness and value in the stories of these native workers that give the volume an uncommon fascination; for "it is these who are the real pillars of the Melanesian Church," says the writer. The book will be of value to missionary students, and of interest to all. There are several illustrations.

The Church in Madras: Being the History of the Ecclesiastical and Missionary Action of the East India Company in the Presidency of Madras from 1805 to 1835. By the Rev. FRANK PENNY, LL.M., Vol. II. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 16s. net.)

THIS is the second volume of Mr. Penny's elaborate and somewhat prolix history of the Ecclesiastical and Missionary Action of the East India Company in the Presidency of Madras from 1805 to 1835. The original charter of 1698 obliged the Company to provide chaplains and schoolmasters for their factories, and chaplains for their larger ships. In 1813 there was a protracted Parliamentary struggle over the renewal of the Company's charter, which turned largely on the religious question and the position of clergy and missionaries. The result was the definite establishment of the Church in Madras. Mr. Penny traces with minute care the whole history of the Church, its clergy, organisation, discipline, and other ecclesiastical matters. He gives long accounts of the building of churches, illustrated by twenty-five full-page pictures of buildings, some of them fine in their way, though chiefly in debased classical style in the Georgian "Gothic." This work will prove useful as a book of reference for those interested in the history of the Church in India. It certainly throws a good deal of light on the advantages and disadvantages of a more or less red-tape form of ecclesiasticism.

Thomas Pringle: His Life, Times, and Poems. Edited by WILLIAM HAY. (J. C. Juta and Co., Cape Town. 5s. net.)

THOMAS PRINGLE was born at Blaiklaw, a farmhouse about four miles from Kelso, in 1789. At the age of fourteen he went to Edinburgh University, where he showed himself more diligent in his reading of English literature than in his study of the classics. His first notable poem, "The Autumnal Excursion," appeared in "The Poetic Mirror" in 1816, and won for him the praise of Sir Walter Scott. This was the beginning of Pringle's acquaintance with Scott. In 1817 he became joint-editor with James Cleghorn of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, which afterwards became the famous *Blackwood's*. Pringle also edited the *Edin-*

burgh Star, at that time almost the only Liberal paper in Scotland. Finding his income insufficient, he emigrated to South Africa with his family in 1820. Here his experiences were very chequered, and he and his party encountered disappointments, delays, and dangers in plenty.

Later on we find him living in Cape Town, where he became public librarian and tutor of several sons of the principal families. Here again his journalistic instincts asserted themselves; but his love of freedom and his outspoken views soon led him into conflict with the Governor, who displayed much tyranny in his method of suppressing Pringle's efforts at public enlightenment. During the last eight years of his life Pringle lived in London, where he did a good deal of literary work, and joined the ranks of the Abolitionists, becoming secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. He died in 1834, and lies buried in Bunhill Fields. Many tributes to his charm of personality and his poetical power are included in this volume; one each from both the *Athenæum* and the *Quarterly Review*, and one from Coleridge, who seems to have been especially pleased with what is perhaps Pringle's best-known poem, "Afar in the Desert I Love to Ride." But however favourably his work may have compared with that of his contemporaries, to us in these days it reads more than a trifle tamely. Readers at home will turn with interest to his African poems, which are perhaps his most individual contribution to literature. It is a praiseworthy desire that leads the Colony to keep green the memory of its notabilities in this fashion. It has, however, something to learn in the art of book production, judging from the curious style of this volume.

Fiction

The Soul of the Orient. By Z. L. CAVALIER. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

"IT was all joy and gladness from beginning to end," says the author, in describing the result of one of her heroine's experiments, and we presume, from the general tone of the book, that all is intended to be "joy and gladness." Since the story is tame and monotonous in the extreme, the net effect on the reader is one of relief when the book is finally closed and laid aside.

We are asked, in reading, to reconcile Christianity, a species of Buddhism, a bastard form of Theosophy, and various aspects of astrology into one sublime creed that is to reform the whole world and make "joy and gladness"—though the redundancy offends, we venture it a third time—universal. There is, of course, good in the doctrine here laid down, but there is also an unfair amount of credulity and following on worn tracks that lead nowhere, and are recommended presumably on account of their age, for we find no other virtue in them.

Setting doctrine aside, we cannot recommend the story. Helen, a wealthy young lady of astrological leanings, converts her fiancé to her way of thinking on what may be called sub-religious matters by acquiescing in his study of the "soul of the Orient" by three years' residence in India. In that time she teaches his sister astrological wisdom, and between them the two girls compass many charitable deeds, finally marrying to their—yet a fourth time—"joy and gladness." It is all very goody-goody and ultra-sentimental, but none of it is very good English and little of it is interesting.

The Adventuress, and Other Stories. By GEORGE WILLOUGHBY. (Max Goschen. 6s.)

JUDGED by the ordinary commercial standards of literature which seem of so great an importance at the present day, there are several features in this book which might well be supposed to militate against its chances. In the first place research fails to convince us that the author has published any previous works, and the status of beginner in literature frequently approaches the criminal. Very similar remarks may be applied to the publisher, whose name is new to us. As though this were not enough, the volume, although it has 302 pages, is on the slender side, and worst of all, it is composed of short stories—a species of output which stands something in the light of a nightmare to publishers!

In spite of all this we are glad we have read the "Adventuress." It is true that here and there the author's ambition is just a little in excess of his capacity; but he has shown sufficiently clear evidence of power and originality. Indeed, the small collection of short stories is distinguished by a flavour which will cause many to watch with interest the future efforts of the author. We take it for granted that we are talking to a beginner; on this supposition we counsel him to continue, for it seems to us there is no reason why he should not go far.

The Fringe of the Desert. By R. S. MACNAMARA. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THE central figure of this book is a charming girl, Hildred, who has the misfortune to suffer—as many children do—for her parents, who parted shortly after her birth, the father, an artist, going to live in Egypt, the mother, cynical to a degree, living in England and devoting herself to golf. When Hildred arrives at twenty years of age she is commanded to stay with her mother six months and then with her father six months, after which she has to choose with whom she will take up her life. Her half-year with her mother is spent at a quiet village in England, where tennis and tea-parties form the excitement, the one bright spot being the making of a life-long friendship with a medical man. At the end of this period she

goes to Egypt to join her father, and takes a voyage up the Nile. The description of fascinating Egypt is very vivid, and her father's artistic temperament colours her life still more. How it all ends, we leave the reader to find out. At all events, the book is a very clever study of a by no means uncommon experience in ill-assorted matrimonial partners, and is well worth reading.

The Curse of the Nile. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"PUNCH," seeing an announcement of this book, "The Curse of the Nile," by Douglas Sladen, says such an announcement is libellous. It is a romance of the siege and fall of Khartum and the fate of the white prisoners in Omdurman. The tragedy of Gordon opens the story, but the period covered by the book runs from the assault on Khartum to the battle and fall of Omdurman—that is from February, 1884, to September, 1898.

The author is quite familiar with Egypt and the Nile, and has availed himself of the actual memoirs of Slatin Pasha, Charles Neufeld, and Father Ohrwalder, also of Sir Reginald Wingate's book, "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan," so there is a strong substratum of real history. On this is built a love story, the hero being an English officer, the heroine a Sicilian girl of rare beauty, Francesca Lentini. We have the power of the Mafia usefully employed, and as the love story ends happily, as love stories in novels usually do, the reader has reality and fiction blended with the author's well-known skill.

Things have changed much since the periods described, and such situations will never occur again; but it is perhaps well that the youth of the present generation should know something of what once happened in Egypt and the Sudan, beginning with the sacrifice of Gordon—a character probably never to be excelled and one very difficult to imitate.

While reading the book we came across a print of a painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I., exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1899, vividly illustrating the charge of the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers at Omdurman. The battle itself is well described by Mr. Sladen, and a reproduction of the picture in the second edition of the book would help much to the realisation of the actual scene.

We do not quite like the idea of bringing living personages into a quasi-historical book of this kind, although their individual personalities are preserved.

One of the most interesting books of the season will be published immediately by Messrs. John Long, Ltd. It is entitled "Travels in the Pyrenees: Including Andorra and the Coast from Barcelona to Carcassonne," and is written by the author of that well-known book, "The Silken East"—Mr. V. C. O'Connor, who knows the country with a close and intimate knowledge.

The Theatre

"Within the Law," at the Haymarket Theatre

THE great charm of the art of the theatre is that, at its best, in whatever form it is represented, the play removes one for a few hours from the consideration of one's own affairs. To the catholic mind it is immaterial whether the author deals with the minutiae of psychological development or simple crime, revenge, and elaborate melodrama. So that he does it well, 'tis well done.

Three authors, Mr. Bayard Veiller, Mr. Frederick Fenn, and Mr. Arthur Wimperis have prepared "Within the Law," and three managers, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Faraday, and Mr. Harrison, have placed this play before us. Judging by the neatness of the presentation and the dynamics of the situations and the dialogue, six heads are infinitely better than a lesser number, for the play carries us along with irresistible force.

The authors quickly take us into a world of their own, which they make intensely interesting. There is an enormous and prosperous shop run by Mr. Gilder, Mr. Frederick Ross, as clever as, if more commonplace than, in "The Yellow Jacket." Into the details of this enterprise one enters with enthusiasm. Soon Margaret Taylor—later Mary Turner—Miss Edyth Goodall, is accused, and proved—unjustly, of course—of stealing lace. She goes to prison, and she returns to the world to lead a highly respectable gang of sharps, who, under her dexterous management, make no end of money by means that are shady but nicely within the law. Mary, as she now calls herself, burns with a fine fire of revenge. Society, and especially the Gilders, are to be her victims; the police, her playthings. She manages even to marry the son of her recent employer, a part made attractive by Mr. J. V. Bryant's agreeable personality—or is it his accomplished art?

We must not tell you the story. Its involutions are at once superbly complex and divinely clear. Mr. Eille Norwood is one of the best-looking, best-hearted noblest criminals we have ever known, and it is his self-negation which eventually releases Mary and Dick Gilder from an impossible position. We hope Mr. Norwood's Garson—a villain's name, but that of an honest villain—will get off lightly, and live to grace a thousand dramas. In fact, one grows to like most of the people in the play—even the smug shopkeeper, who is so heartless in the early acts. We always love the wicked and amusing Agnes Lynch, whom Miss Mabel Russell endows with a bold and lively spirit, and the authors enrich with their most humorous lines and lightest situations. If our hearts do not go out to Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Leon M. Lion, we at least respect them respectively as a very sly solicitor and evil private detective. All the cast is good; there is never a dull

moment in the four acts. Each player brings conviction to the audience; each trick of the plot is recognised and appreciated. If there be any moment of doubt, Miss Edyth Goodall carries the situation through with a sincerity that is rarely seen in this class of play.

The public should crowd to see the exciting and convincing production; never has a drama of the kind been just as well produced and played. For us "Typhoon" was a success, but "Within the Law" will be a dramatic victory to a wider world than ours—a world that will crowd the Haymarket for many months.

"Croesus" at the Garrick Theatre

ACT I, at the house of a very well-dressed Parisian lady, Mme. de Lingeray. One is permitted to gather from a vast quantity of conversation supplied by her visitors, that she is the particular friend of the Comte Sorbier, a millionaire on the look-out for love—love for himself alone—always an awkward achievement. Towards the end of the act, Madame goes away from Paris with a quite nice-looking boy, very different from Sorbier. We congratulate Marcelle de Lingeray, but we don't know much about her, or take much interest in her affairs. Her going away, however, causes Sorbier some pain, and prevents him for a while from devoting himself to the perfectly enormous business undertakings which, as a rule, he commands with a grace and victory such as is rarely known this side the footlights.

Act II is presented after a cheering selection from "Oh, oh, Delphine!" Claude Sorbier, recovered from the doubtful loss of Marcelle, entertains us with the way he manages his business, lends money to unpleasant friends, is nice to artists, and, oh! so very stern with blackmailing journalists, a class only known to Continental financiers, we presume. We also learn that he keeps an old hat and coat in his immensely important safe, and that, with this complete disguise, he goes into the world as a poor clerk and makes love to Yvonne, a midinette, who is, of course, attracted to him for himself alone.

Act III has the great advantage of being the last; we feared there might be two more. At Yvonne Pinchard's home, Croesus is first entertained, and then loses one more illusion. His girl of the people, his simple-minded, "all for him" lover, has the warm heart perhaps, but also the business head which belongs by ancient right to the Parisian work-girl. She likes Claude Sorbier—why, we can't imagine—but she resents the tiny income he has told her he earns. She has met the Vicomte de Fonsac, an elderly person of the world, who borrows money, on absurd and unconvincing excuses, from Sorbier, and he has proposed to set her up in a little flat and give her a nice income. She in turn proposes a neat little arrangement *à trois* to Sorbier.

One more sad experience for the millionaire. But he retains a flower that Marcelle had given him when she returned and begged him to be friends. We are left to think over the sadness of those who have great possessions. We could, if we might, suggest a way out for very rich people who are afraid of being loved for their money; it is that they should seek for mates among those who are equally well provided for. But our idea would not have helped the author to write a play, and that, we see, was his fixed intention, come what might. The result is quite a crude and genuine piece of work—perhaps the best ever written by a member of the de Rothschild family. It does not, in its translation, at least, show much wit, original observation, or dramatic instinct. Mr. Arthur Bouchier gives us a nice, elderly, acute business man, who seems to be rather silly about women. Mr. Spencer Trevor is excellent as a well-known stage type of an aristocrat, without means or morals, who wishes to have quite as good a time as those who do happen to be rich. Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, as Marcelle, appeared very attractive, but the character was far too elusive, and, as the management refused to send us a seat and ours was not a very good one, her voice, with its agreeable delicate French accent, did not always reach us. If one may believe the papers, "Crœsus" was produced in the midst of battles and bad feeling, and therefore the smoothness of its presentation and the excellence of the many minor and unnecessary characters is more than ever creditable to Mr. Bouchier and his assistant stage-managers. But "Crœsus," as it stands, states nothing new and very little that is true; we fear M. Henri de Rothschild's play is negligible in the history of stage art, but we nurse the unconquerable hope that the baron will produce something much more charming later on.

"Nan" at the Court Theatre

MISS HORNIMAN is the most obliging and tactful manager in the world. She is always, as if by chance, reviving or producing just the plays we want to see. For some few years, since Miss Lillah McCarthy gave us her wonderful presentation of "Nan," by Mr. John Masefield, we have been anxious to see the play again, and lo! Miss Horniman casts it with her excellent company, and presents it in the most natural way possible. Miss Irene Rooke now plays Nan; she does not make us forget Miss McCarthy, but she is individual and splendid and bold in the convincing and tragic rôle. Her only fault is an occasional side glance at melodrama, somewhat misplaced in a poetic tragedy such as this.

Good as is Miss Rooke, excellent as is Miss Beresford's cruel Kate Pargetter, competent as is the Dick Gurvil of Mr. Milton Rosener, it is Miss Hilda Sims as Jenny Pargetter who shows us the truest and deepest art, the subtlest characterisation, the most complete mastery of stagecraft. The management is famous

for its discovery of talent, and, of course, Miss Sims has already played many parts, but we doubt if even Miss Horniman has ever shown more luck or skill than in casting this actress for the difficult but telling character of Jenny Pargetter. While she was on the stage, one ceased to criticise the lack of inevitability which underlies Mr. Masefield's work. We are ready to believe that Dick Gurvil can love so sweet and beautiful a woman as Nan at one moment, and be turned from his purpose by the made-up story of her inhuman aunt the next; with so natural and convincing a Jenny we can understand Nan's trust in her, and how that trust was betrayed. Now that Jenny is so real, much of the unreality of her father and mother ceases to be noticed. Although the cunning and meanness of the character is so clearly displayed, Miss Sims endows the part with the freshness of youth, the pathos of ignorance, a blithe April spirit, which adds a further charm to much that is fine in Mr. Masefield's work.

And this reminds us that it is too bad of Miss Horniman to give us so short a season; she should be of the centre, and the permanent director of a London enterprise.

"Taming of the Shrew" at the Prince of Wales's

MR. MARTIN HARVEY has taken thought in the production of this conceited historie and also counsel from Mr. William Poel who has so long fought for the simplification of Shakespearean performances. The result is delightful. It may owe something to the over-accentuated affectations of the two totally different productions by Mr. Barker at the Savoy, it may be indebted to Mr. Gordon Craig, but the result is excellent and we refuse to be bothered about derivatives any more in regard to the stage setting than in connection with the play itself. Of course there is no doubt that the shrew that Shakespeare drew was already sketched in sixteenth century Italian literature, and that the Elizabethans had seen other plays on similar lines. Of course, the stage as arranged by Mr. Harvey has been done before, and is only "a new way," as he calls it, comparatively.

These things do not matter much to the playgoer of to-day who wants to get as much interest and amusement out of the comedy—or farce—as he possibly can. The present revival supplies this want—

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery,

and, especially, it gives us the most complete and admirable Christopher Sly of ours or, we are inclined to think, any day. The skill that Mr. Glenney lavishes on Sly contains the essential things of art. He spares us nothing, but he never fails to please. A drunken

tinker who is being made a fool of to amuse an aristocrat may not be an inspiring figure, but in the hands of Mr. Glenney he is richly human, humorous, bold, alcoholically urbane and free. The character is given much more prominence than in any other production of the play which we have seen. Sly sits out the whole comedy almost among the audience in front of the stage, firstly supported by his "lady madam," and later by his host. His occasional interpolations are well timed and excellent fun, and truly the spirit of his period.

Mr Glenney is easily first, but the rest of them are unusually competent. Katharina is one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's heroines; many a gifted actress has shunned her, many another has failed to realise her complex character. Miss de Silva has not been overpraised in the part. Personally we think she plays it to the greatest advantage. Truly, her voice has not the full note, nor her manner the richness and superb appeal of our ideal Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, but Miss de Silva plays with infinite intelligence and skill, her wit is always alert, her temper high, and when at length she ceases to be a foul contending rebel she grows gay and delightful. We have never seen the actress in a part she so fully graced. Mr. Harvey, of course, takes the stage with an air, and makes Petruchio sufficiently a swagger.

But it is rather in connection with the excellent production and cast, the admirable costumes and staging, that we would praise him. His gentleman of Verona is not so graceful as might be, he does not engage our sympathies nor cause us greatly to believe in him. He is too little Petruchio, too greatly Mr. Martin Harvey. The rather mysterious Bianca of the play is made beautiful and alluring by Miss Annie Furrell. We fully believe in her swarm of suitors, of whom Mr. Franklyn Dyall, as Hortensio, is the one we should have backed, although he ends by being a bad second. Of the rest one may say that they are all good and well in the picture—a picture of the Elizabethan stage, in no way overdone, but always beautiful and sufficient, gay, and enjoyable. The production deserves the attention of all Shakespeareans, that is to say, the whole of the playgoing public.

EGAN MEW.

Monday, June 9, is the date of the annual Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's Theatre, and Sir Herbert Tree, following the precedent which he set himself when instituting the Festival, will treat each revival with all the care which he lavishes upon a new production. The first play on the list is "The Merchant of Venice," which will be given for one week, with Sir Herbert as Shylock—one of his finest impersonations—and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Portia, Mr. Basil Gill being the Bassanio of the specially chosen cast. "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," and "Macbeth" are also in the repertoire, and "Romeo and Juliet" is to be played at His Majesty's Theatre for the first time, and with Sir Herbert as Mercutio.

Latter-Day Cosmogony

BY PROFESSOR F. T. DEL MARMOL.

II.—PLANETS.

THE nebular hypothesis of Laplace may be said to have come into favour once more, as far as the origin of the planets is concerned. This theory was simply that of a nebular mass extending as far as or farther than Neptune, cooling, spinning, and contracting at the same time. From time to time, rings would be thrown off, and these rings would shrink into planets. This theory has been submitted to heavy criticism, it being maintained that it did not explain how the initial spin was obtained, and that it was incompatible with the movements of certain satellites. But the late Henri Poincaré pointed out that there were really fewer objections to Laplace's theory than to any other, and if there were only the solar system to be considered, it might easily be accepted. Recently, Professor See has endeavoured to disprove it by applying a formula called Babinet's, which states that the rotational velocity of a sphere multiplied by the square of its radius gives the same result when its matter is contracted or expanded, and since we know the radius of the Sun and its actual period of rotation, we can compute the velocity of rotation when our central body was a nebula with a radius as large as that of the orbit of Neptune, the furthestmost of the known planets. By doing so we arrive at the result that when the Sun's matter was so expanded, its period of rotation would have been nearly three million years, and therefore the nebula was rotating so slowly that it would not have detached a portion of itself to form a planet. Now, according to Professor See, the planets and satellites could be formed in but one of two possible ways: (1) They might have been detached from their respective central masses, as supposed by Laplace, and (2) they might have been original nuclei captured in the midst of the solar nebula, as suggested by himself.

Professor See's theory, although it accounts for the shape of the orbits as the effect of a resisting medium, fails to give a satisfactory explanation of the direction of the planets and of the small inclination of their orbits, and must be rejected.

The spiral hypothesis of Professors Moulton and Chamberlin supposes that the solar system was evolved from a spiral nebula from which large masses of matter were thrown out to immense distances, to revolve eventually in elliptical orbits around the central body from which they were ejected. This hypothesis is also called the "Planetesimal Theory" because each particle of the spiral nebula is supposed to have revolved almost independently, in the manner of a planet. Moulton has shown that, on this theory, the resulting planets may have revolved round the nucleus in the same direction as the original rotation and that the planes of their orbits might nearly coincide, as we know to be the case in the solar system. With reference to the satellites, the direction of their motion might, on this hypothesis, be either direct or retrograde, according to circumstances.

So, on the whole, this new cosmogony may be a good working hypothesis, but it cannot be accepted until it accounts for the many difficult questions that it raises in celestial mechanics.

Now Professor H. Turner is championing the cause of Laplace's theory. Rather instructive and quite original is his way of explaining the manner in which the first nebula threw off the rings that later became planets. He compares that nebula to a mince-pie. The latter becomes compressed under the action of gravitation, and the edges open slightly allowing some of the mince to squeeze out. This having escaped will form a thin flat ring which no longer rotates solidly as it did inside the pie. Indeed, it has now become a separate body, and the different particles, bumping against each other, will gradually come together in the shape of a planet. This is one of the best amongst the many explanations given recently in order to show that it is not absolutely necessary to assume a very quick rotation of the original nebula as the basis of Laplace's theory.

In short, while the nebular hypothesis has had to be abandoned as far as it concerned the satellites, we are compelled to admit, with reference to the planets, that this theory is still the only one which may satisfactorily explain the remarkable positions of the orbits, which the calculus of probabilities would not allow us to attribute to mere chance, as well as the directions of the planets, and even the nearly circular shape of the orbits by Dr. See's very argument of the resisting medium, since such medium must have existed during the long process of aggregation. And if we accept Professor See's dilemma that the planets must have been either detached from the central mass, or captured in the midst of the solar nebula, our conclusion must be that there are according to the calculus of probabilities, over eight thousand millions of probabilities against one that the planets of the solar system, if accidentally captured, would not have been moving, all of them, in the same direction and in nearly the same plane, which is the real state of affairs.

Curiously enough, this most damaging objection to the rival theory to that of Laplace may be stated by simply applying a mathematical formula of the great Laplace himself. According to his theorem, the most fruitful in mathematical philosophy, if the chances of several things happening are respectively a , b , c , etc., the probability of all of them happening simultaneously should be the product of a into b into c , etc.

For instance, that our fellow-planet Mercury should move by chance in the same direction as the Earth is one probability in two. The same applies to Venus or any other planet. But that Venus and Mercury should both possess, by chance, the same direction as the Earth is one chance in four (2 multiplied by 2). That all the seven planets outside of our globe should possess an identical direction with us is one chance in 128 (2 multiplied by itself seven times). That is to say, the probabilities against all these bodies travelling in the same direction, by chance, i.e., as in the theory of capture, are 128 against one.

But that is nothing when we come to examine another strange coincidence. The angle formed by the plane of the orbit of each of these bodies with the plane of the Earth's orbit might vary, of course, from zero to ninety degrees. But as a matter of fact they are all under seven degrees, which means that their ellipsis is invariably inside of the thirteenth part of what it might be. Now, the chances of this happening as a mere coincidence as in the capture theory are 13 multiplied by itself seven times which gives a total of over sixty-two millions against one. Finally, the chances against a simultaneous direction inside of the slight angle already mentioned would be the product of the two previous ones, yielding the astounding figure already stated of more than eight thousand million chances to one against such a coincidence. But the position is quite different when we come to the origin of the moons. Here, the retrograde movements of several of them, the peculiar motion of others, the enormous differences in the angles of the planes of their orbits with the equators of their respective planets, not only are the facts consistent with the capture theory, but are also in absolute contradiction to the nebular hypothesis as far as satellites are concerned.

But the writer would venture to propose a kind of verification not formulated yet, so far as he is aware, and which is a more direct way of showing the probable truth of the theory of the origin of the planets according to Laplace.

Let us consider the rings which would have formed the planets, with a width equal to the actual diameter of the planet, that of the earth being taken as a unit. We can calculate the volume of every one of those rings, multiply them into their density (inversely proportional to the cubes of their distances to the sun) and, then calculate their respective proportional masses by multiplying the previous products into the squares of their distances from the sun. These calculations are rather complicated, but the results they yield are most suggestive. If we compare the masses of these rings to that of the earthly ring taken as a unit, we find that they are nearly the same as the actual masses of the planets themselves, the differences being insignificant, except in the case of Jupiter, whose actual mass is over twice as big as that indicated by the mass of its original ring, and the case of Mars, whose actual mass is less than half. But these two results strengthen rather than weaken, the argument, as they refer to the giant and the dwarf planets which are neighbours, so that the very process of the ring evolution suggests that not only the enormous mass of Jupiter had certainly the power to attract some portions of the contracting nebula, but also that a part of the original Martian ring was absorbed by its mighty neighbour before condensing sufficiently to form a planet and keep its actual mass.

Now, by applying the same verification to those moons and asteroids whose elements are known, like Ceres, our earthly moon, the Saturnian Titan and the four Galilean satellites of Jupiter, we find that there is not even an approximate proportion between their actual masses and those which should have corresponded to the

rings that would have originated them in the way suggested by Laplace. The result of this problem is another indication that the nebular theory must be rejected so far as satellites and asteroids are concerned. But, in respect to the origin of the planets, it shows that there is, in favour of the genial theory of the French geometer, a probability perhaps greater than that ever suspected by the illustrious Laplace himself.

A Traveller in Doubt

IS the game of travel worth the candle? Was Stevenson, himself a confirmed vagabond, right when he declared that no place under heaven is worth travelling to? Is the sting of the *Wanderlust*, which breaks up homes and sunders comrades, a blessing or a curse? Questions such as these inevitably confront the wanderer in his moments of depression, and his answer will depend on his own temperament and point of view.

The only helpful basis of inquiry is to consider dispassionately the advantages—actual and alleged—of globe-trotting for its own sake; and many of these, I am beginning to fancy, belong to the late summer and autumn of life in which the rolling stone, gathering little moss by the way, comes back to its own and cannot roll any more. True, he has thrown the years to the locusts, but has he not his memories? Even a school atlas will henceforth be for him no mere gallery of flat and conventional diagrams, but rather an album of reminiscence, in which the blue spaces recall heaving oceans or smiling lakes, the herring-bone symbol of mountains bring back painful clambers over snow and delicious camps in the pure air of the high places, and the worm-like tracery of rivers fills his ears with the roar of falls, the splash of fish, or the rhythm of Indian paddles. So, also, the little dot that marks some Eastern city conjures up the babel of crowded bazaars, with shrill calls to prayer from green-tiled minarets, veiled women hurrying timorously in the shadow of almond trees, arrogant horsemen riding disdainfully through the press. Without the harvest of a travelled eye, as well be like Sir Fopling Flutter, who regarded every place beyond Hyde Park as the wilderness!

This magic of the atlas for those who have won its freedom is worth a little further tribute. If I look at the low outline of the Baltic Provinces, I hear once again the mournful music of the wings of wild geese winging their way under grey skies to frozen meres. The blue curve of the Gulf of Mexico is starred with flashing tarpon and wheeling pelicans. Opening the atlas at the map of Australia, I hear the piping crows making harmony at the edge of a grim forest of gum-trees, and the silhouette of Java brings a lovely vision of sunrise over Gunung Salak as I saw it last from a little verandah at Buitenzorg that overhung an abyss carpeted with tree ferns.

If these and a thousand other memories in keeping are not of themselves worth all the expense and discomfort of years of travel—and I do not concede as

much without further reflection—is there no other gain to the credit of those who have seen the world for themselves? I will not, for the sake of argument, refer to travel with some specific object, such as the quest of better health, or higher wage, or archæological research, or big game shooting, since such concrete purpose is apart from the less material advantages of travel that I have in mind. Nor need we labour too seriously the educational virtue of world-travel. Certainly it has a broadening influence and woos men's minds from the petty worries of the parish pump. It makes them, in short, as Macaulay once said, unlike Dr. Johnson; and, with certain reservations, that alone is a desirable transformation. Yet Dr. Johnson was not precisely a fool, and Sancho Panza was not far from the truth when he told his master that some people would learn more by staying dry-shod at home than by roaming about the world. The ultimate value of all education lies, I imagine, in the student rather than in the curriculum. Many a young sprig of the ruling class went through the Grand Tour without the least benefit to himself or his neighbours; and there must always be something a little pathetic about Kipling's Manchester youth who expressed himself as "very much pleased" on seeing the Taj.

Instances like these, however, are an aspersion only on travel taken in the wrong spirit. Ours is an age of hurry, of somewhat vulgar hurry if the whole truth must be told. Our contemporaries may display great bravery and resource in flying across the Atlantic, with the eyes of the world on their exploits; but how many of them would have the patience and endurance to cross the snow-bound steppes in Burnaby's troika, or to navigate the Gulf of Aden in Macgregor's canoe? Such modes of travel would nowadays be voted too slow, and the undergraduate of Oxford or Harvard prefers to see half a dozen Continental countries during the long vacation. These tourists are the slaves of guide-book and time-table, and bring into the spirit of travel for its own sake a rigid system of schedule more suited to those who travel in dry goods.

The real lessons of travel, on the other hand, are to be learnt only on camelback, in jolting country carts, or aboard dug-out canoes. Those whose travels are confined to the radius of velvet-lined Pullman cars might, but for the greater facilities for killing time between the cradle and the burial service, as well remain at home. The school of travel makes little of the "lions" of the guide-book. True, there are gems like Cologne Cathedral, Niagara Falls, the Taj Mahal, or the Pyramids, which every tourist will be anxious to see with his own eyes; but they may all be studied on picture postcards, and the traveller who is neither a camera nor a gramophone should gather his impressions with discrimination. Emerson once said that the beholder matters more than the scenes that he beholds, and the most lasting impressions are those formed, without the help of any guide-book or cicerone, of some nightfall in an Eastern harbour, some sandstorm in the desert, or some dawn on a snow-capped peak.

Those content only with double-entry of credit and debit may enumerate for their own benefit such drawbacks of travel as can fairly be put against the advantages; and perhaps they will find that the supreme penalty of a restless life spent in wandering is that of coming home at the end, like Rip Van Winkle, to a picture in which the traveller has no place. True, he has his memories, but, with all his old friends in the churchyard, and a new generation that has no room for him in its heart, these may be meagre fare. Against this tragedy of isolation there is no appeal. The returning prodigal must live out the sunset of his life in the pageant of the past. The present will be out of touch with him.

Mr. Carnegie's Twelve Million Dollar Dinner

IT is of little use asking if Carnegie libraries are a boon and a blessing; they are *there*—"right there," as Mr. Carnegie's private secretary would say. But it is only reasonable to suppose that if the peoples of the localities had not wanted them they would not have had them; whether or not the institutions are good depends largely upon the way in which they are used, for which Mr. Carnegie cannot be expected to accept any responsibility. These, again, are sentiments Mr. Bertram would echo. Just how many library buildings Mr. Carnegie has paid for it is impossible to say at any given moment—that is, for anyone except Mr. Carnegie himself or his private secretary—as they are to be found in many parts of the world, from the South Seas to the Northern Ocean. Dr. Johnson's famous definition of all-embracing space does not apply here, as neither the Chinese nor the Peruvians have benefited to any great extent. Mr. Carnegie's first step in the direction of the particular branch of philanthropy he has made his own was the gift of a "bay" or book-stack full of books to the old Mechanics' Institute of Pittsburg, or Alleghany, as this particular district was then designated, of which his father had been a member, and where he himself had gained much knowledge. This, or rather the Public Library that followed, Mr. Carnegie describes as the mother of from twenty-three to twenty-four hundred public libraries in the English-speaking world. This apparently is the nearest Mr. Carnegie himself can get to the exact number of his donations to public libraries! When one considers the amount spent on the erection of these two and a half thousand libraries, the difficulty at arriving at a correct estimate of the total sum is greatly increased; in fact, it becomes little more than a guessing competition, as the number of applications for new libraries averages nearly a hundred a day. And although all these requests are not acceded to, the sums granted are daily increasing, so that to-day's total is more than yester-

day's, and less than to-morrow's; how much more or less depends. . . .

A hundred million dollars might be near the mark—at least, it is as near the mark as anyone has been, except Mr. Carnegie. A hundred million dollars does not really sound as much as twenty million pounds. The extra eighty in the hundred millions cannot compensate for the sniff given by the Englishman when anyone refers to large sums of money in francs, marks, or dollars. Twenty millions sterling is rather a large sum for any individual to give away, even when the object is one so deserving as public libraries. One of the New York papers, at the time when Mr. Carnegie's donations had reached the "fifty million dollar mark," gave numerous pictorial and other demonstrations of how much fifty million dollars weighed, how they would be sufficient to handcuff the sun and the moon, or bury the suffragettes, or something equally interesting. Now that the amount has been just about doubled, not even the American paper in question would be able to contain the figures!

These twenty-five hundred public libraries represent rather more than fifteen per cent. of all the public or municipal, state or national, and semi-public libraries. In public libraries in this country alone, however, the percentage of Carnegie libraries is much higher, and probably represents about fifty per cent. of the library buildings; this, of course, includes branches, of which there is a large—an almost unknown—number. Just how many of the hundred million dollars have come to this country by way of libraries is more difficult to guess. Quite a number of local councils have asked for grants without counting the cost to themselves; because certain of Mr. Carnegie's conditions are calculated to remove the idea of charity from the gift—i.e., "getting something for nothing." One of these conditions is usually that the library rate of a penny in the pound is to be levied for the upkeep of the institution. And in this connection I may whisper an aside; these conditions are not under seal, and certain local councils, having obtained their buildings, are endeavouring to set aside their understandings with Mr. Carnegie. It is not quite cricket; but, then, the rules of sport are not always recognised by local authorities.

To return, however: how many of the hundred million dollars have been planted in this country? As nearly as possible, the number would appear to be twelve millions. Mr. Carnegie's dinner, which the Library Association is giving in his honour at the Hotel Cecil on June 2, has cost him nearly two and a half millions sterling! Perhaps in the future the Library Association may be induced to lower the tariff of its honours, which are more than regal in price at present. Incidentally Mr. Carnegie's generosity has been recognised by numerous caskets; and without doubt he was the originator of the modern fashion in "freedom," so much so that he has been called the "great freeman." In common with others of his characteristics and personal qualities, Mr. Carnegie's

interest in libraries is inherited—at least, to some considerable extent. Like most Scotsmen, the millionaire's father was an ardent reader, and found much value and profit from his self-imposed studies.

A. J. PHILIP.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

THE continuation of Baron Rochus von Liliencron's reminiscences gives an excellent side-light on the events of 1848 in the debatable land of Schleswig-Holstein. General Gustav Dickhuth's account of the War of Liberation is also continued. He points out that Napoleon had lost confidence in his men, otherwise he would have attempted and probably carried out a great "coup" near the beginning of the hostilities. On the other side Austria, uncertain of her true interests, was undeniably lukewarm. "Stephana Schwertner" still pursues her romantic career. Charlotte Lady Blennerhasset, basing herself largely on Mr. Monypenny's life, gives a clear and excellent account of Disraeli. Frau von Bunsen begins a series of Spanish landscapes, exceedingly well drawn.

LA REVUE.

April 1.—M. Karl Strecker gives the correspondence of Nietzsche and Strindberg. M. Faguet criticises recent studies of Flaubert by M. L. Bertrand and others, and speaks of the novelist on his own account. M. Finot sings the praises of optimism.

April 15.—M. Faguet, criticising M. Delvaille's "Histoire de l'Idée de Progrès," exposes in masterly fashion the fallacies that he finds underlying the idea in question. He refuses any lengthy ancestry to the idea of progress; he distinguishes "*le progrès*" from "*des progrès*," and he compares humanity to "un malade qui cherche un soulagement à se tourner tantôt sur le côté droit, tantôt sur le côté gauche." Dr. Nordau regards with a (necessarily) Nordauesque eye the religious dances of Echternach in Luxembourg. Mme. M. Rémusat has some amusing details about Mme. de Staël at Stockholm in 1812. M. de Rosen introduces Rabin-dranath Tagore, and gives a translation of some of his lyrics.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

April 1.—M. V. Cornetz has an interesting article on "Le Sens de la Direction chez l'Homme et les Animaux." M. Feugère discusses the Abbé Raynal's "Histoire des Indes," and its influence on the Revolution; there is a stupendous passage about missionaries to reward a curious reader. M. Buffenoir supplements a former article on the sculptor Houdon and his attempts to portray Rousseau.

April 16.—The correspondence of Nietzsche and Strindberg is to be found here, as well as in the "Revue" for April 1. M. Prod'homme gives the text of and

commentary to a memorial of Beethoven's, by which he strives to wrest a nephew out of the hands of an unworthy sister-in-law. "Les Derniers Prêtres Universitaires" (of the College of Lesneven), introduced by M. Chassé, are delightful acquaintances, holding certificates of kindness and tolerance from "l'Oncle" Francisque Sarcey and M. Gustave Hervé, both of whom taught under them. M. André Spire finely analyses Otto Weininger, a Jew of genius, who died of perplexity over the Jewish problem.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

March 19.—M. Masson-Oursel has a striking article on Buddha, and M. L. Maury deals with the Memoirs of Thibaudeau. M. Lémonon is less judicial than usual on the subject of Gladstone's Home Rule Bills.

April 5.—A much italicised thesis of Wagner's on the relations between art and climate is divided between this and the following number. M. Fournol, Deputy, discusses the essential relations of France and Italy. M. O. Galtier gives a most moving account of the martyrdom of an unfortunate French officer, Lavergne, and his wife, by the revolutionary tribunal.

April 12.—M. Charles Gride pleads for more co-operation between French and Mohammedans in the North African colonies. M. Lefranc begins an inquiry into the identity of Anne, the "Grande Amye" of Marot; he believes in Anne d'Alençon, who belonged to an illegitimate branch of the House of Valois. An anonymous article preaches the doctrine that readiness to attack is the true principle of military organisation. M. Flat diagnoses with joy the decline of pure intellectualism in the French spirit.

April 19.—M. Gheusi, Deputy, begins an exposition of that thorny subject, "La Défense de l'Ecole Laïque." M. Th. Labarre likewise opens a subject—the administration of foreign politics at the Quai d'Orsay. M. Flat speaks of Mirabeau, the statesman, and his latest biographer, M. Barthou. M. de Crisenoy has an interesting analysis of the "Ring," from the point of view of "l'Idée de Chute" in Wagner.

LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

The April number contains the concluding portion of M. Bonnet's essay, "Les Lois Fondamentales de l'Univers et la Philosophie Rationnelle." M. A. Goffin has a very illuminating criticism of Watteau, a painter who is easily misunderstood. Translations, by M. Cantillon, are given of poems of John Littlebird, who died about three years ago at the age of twenty. M. Léon Dumas fulminates against the clerical factors in the primary education of Belgium.

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

March 29.—Mr. E. Norman Gardiner's book, "Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals," receives high praise.

April 12.—M. Chabot notices several books dealing with Syriac grammar and subjects, including "Die Syrische Barbara-Legende," which has been reviewed in THE ACADEMY.

April 19.—M. Welvert reviews several books in which the horrors of the revolutionary tribunals are exposed. M. Biovès notices Mr. Wiernik's "History of the Jews in America," and M. Baldensperger appreciates an important work by M. Dupouy on the mutual literary debts of France and Germany.

LA REVUE GERMANIQUE.

This review has issued a reprint of an article entitled "La Nature dans l'Œuvre de John Galsworthy," which appeared in its March number. It is from the pen of M. G. d'Hangest.

LES LANGUES MODERNES.

In the "Notes Anglaises" for March, M. d'Hangest wishes success to THE ACADEMY in its efforts to inaugurate at Olney a worthy memorial to Cowper. He also calls attention to Professor Herbert Strong's article in THE ACADEMY on "The Problem of the Aspire."

The New English Art Club

THE pictures in this exhibition are of very unequal quality—we have seldom seen extremes of good and bad in such close juxtaposition. But the best of them do in some cases reach a high standard, and perhaps the bad ones serve to set them off.

In the first picture of all Mr. Ian Strang follows the tradition of his house in producing in hard colours and hard lines the really clever study which he calls "A Family of Spanish Gypsies." Mr. William Rothenstein sends both the preliminary outline study and the finished portrait of "A Young Bengali at his Devotions" (Nos. 5 and 213). They are both excellent specimens of careful and conscientious work, infused with a touch of idealism, which is to be found, perhaps, in the best specimens of the Bengali race, but that can hardly be said to characterise them as a whole. A full-size life study from the nude in chalk and monochrome is sent by Mr. Augustus John with the title "The World"—rather inchoate in its present stage, but showing possibilities of development. A clever drawing in pen and ink and wash is Mr. Tryon's "Castillo de Ayub, Calatynd"; and two excellent portraits in dry point by Mr. Francis Dodd are those numbered 32 and 34; Mr. Unwin's etching of "Avignon" also merits praise. Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's clever sketches in body-colour (numbers 55 and 59) show considerable ability, especially in the bold handling of the cliffs and beach in the latter. Miss Vera Waddington's bold and effective water-colour sketch, with some pen-work in architectural features of the foreground, "The Apennines from San Remo," is considerably above the average; and the suggestion of Japanese methods in Miss Airy's "Split Quince" and Miss Radford's "Spirea" is very effective in both cases. Mr. Henry Tonks contributes a very clever water-colour sketch portrait, which he calls "The Night-Cap"—a rosy-cheeked girl sitting in *déshabillée* on her bed; and the same clever artist is responsible for a very effective theatrical sketch in

chalks (No. 87), besides a fine pastel picture, "After the Bath," in which a semi-nude seated figure and the kneeling attendant, in her yellow turban, are most effectively rendered. Miss Waddington has another daring bird's-eye view in her water-colour of "Venice," a remarkable piece of work both in respect of drawing and colour. Her water-colour sketch of "Levanto" also merits high praise for its clear colour and still light. In his picture of "The Burnt Common," Sir Montague Pollock renders a difficult subject with cleverness and truth; and Mr. Tonks must again be complimented on his brilliant pastel portrait of Mrs. St. John Hutchinson.

Coming to the oil-paintings, we pass by Mr. Finch's extraordinary chalky group of corpse-like nude studies, which he calls "Femmes au bain," to give high praise to Mr. Dugdale's half-length seated portrait of "A Coster Girl and Child," a direct and simple piece of work, well executed, with a touch of real sympathy and pathos. Mr. David Muirhead's study, "The Little Jewess," is also bold and effective; so is Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley. Probably the best picture in the exhibition is Mr. McEvoy's "Myrtle," a lovely composition showing a girl easily and gracefully leaning on her elbow, admirably harmonious at all points, especially in its soft colour scheme of pink and grey. Mr. von Glehn's landscape with cattle, which he calls "Autumn in New England," is a daring but very beautiful rendering of light and colour glinting through the woods and across the stream upon the cattle grouped in various attitudes about the water's edge. Mr. William Orpen sends a strange portrait study of "Myself," painted in a hard decorative style, which is not what we usually associate with his work. A powerful portrait, boldly painted, is that by Mr. Mark Fisher of M. Michau; and Mr. Seabrooke's wild, grey-green landscape, "Blake Rigg," is powerful in its simple directness of execution, and its suggestion of solitary and far-stretching grandeur. A fine piece of decorative work is Mr. Hubert Budd's group entitled "Diana."

Another first-rate work, which hangs near it and ranks among the two or three best in the exhibition, is Mr. Shackleton's "Balcony at Siena"—suggestive of Watts in its mystery of background and windows, its use of rich browns, and the implied symbolism of the singing girl. Cornish colouring is rendered with daring vividness by Mr. Louis Sargent in "Asparagus Island—Kynance Cove." Miss Fanner sends two admirable little pictures, "On the Medway" and "Southampton Water," in which she renders with great skill the varying colour and conditions of wind and water in a tidal river and on a shallow sea. In our view she has few rivals in this kind of work. The only first-rate study of the nude in this exhibition is Mr. Cheston's (No. 243), in which the subject is shown reclining on draperies of brilliant blue: the attitude is perfectly caught, the modelling is excellent, and the colours bright without garishness. Miss Lilian Harris is to be complimented upon her two very clever pictures of the Carey Monuments at Burford Church: if this be

craftsmanship only, it is craftsmanship of a very high order; but to us it seems that she has infused her subjects, in some mysterious way, with all the pathos of a vanished past—they are really pathetic pictures.

The Chelsea Flower Show, 1913

IN spite of the complete success of last year's International Flower Show at Chelsea Hospital, it was a bold venture to hazard another exhibition on so large a scale. How thoroughly justified such a venture was may be realised from the fact that, enormous as was the available space, a certain amount of overcrowding took place. But, notwithstanding an occasional jostle, we could not refrain, as we stood in the midst of the large tent and looked around us, from feeling a lively satisfaction that flower-lovers are no longer condemned to undergo the unspeakable horrors of the appallingly overcrowded Temple Show of previous years. At Chelsea it is even possible occasionally to get out of earshot of those innumerable members of the fair sex whose one ambition appears to be to announce to the world at large the fact that they know the difference between a begonia and a rhododendron. With regard to the exhibits in the tents, they were as perfect as human skill could make them, and there can be no question concerning the convenience and beauty of the present system of arrangement in moderate-sized groups. For our own part, we were much struck with some fine specimens of *Wistaria multijuga* grown in large Japanese pots, deliciously fragrant, and with several large groups of pot-grown annuals, such as *Nemesia* and *Clarkia elegans*. Curiously enough, there was not, so far as our inquiries showed, any sensational novelty in roses, with the exception of several new teas and hybrid teas shown by Messrs. Alex. Dickson.

The superb creation of M. Pernet-Ducher, Mme. Edouard Herriot, was, however, once more on view, and White Tausendschön looked particularly charming with its pink buds. Darwin and May-flowering tulips were of somewhat smallish size, but good colour, and attracted considerable attention. Why is it that English gardeners are so slow to realise the beauty of dwarf trees? Is it that they fail to appreciate the fact that these little trees are true denizens of the forest, and loathe the confined air of a dwelling-room? Or is it because our national sentiments forbid us to admire anything which cannot be seen half a mile away? Personally we would fain have a whole forest of these fascinating pygmies. The famous Pink Pearl rhododendron now has a pale sister named White Pearl. Comparisons are odious. The Ghent and Mollis Azaleas were, as usual, at this show, superbly beautiful. Some of Messrs. Cuthbert's recent introductions are miracles of delicate grace. But one might spend a week in this great tent and fail to exhaust all its wonders.

Alas for the outdoor exhibits! The preliminary commendations of the daily Press had led us to expect a genuine improvement in this year's display. With one or two brilliant exceptions, the same old

blunders were committed, with the result that both rocks and rock plants were rendered unspeakably hideous. Mr. Wood, who was so pre-eminent at the International Show, put up a larger and thoroughly successful rockery, carefully stratified and planted with masses, as is due and proper. I overheard a lady remark concerning this rock garden: "It looks as if it had been here a thousand years." Mr. Wallace, expert as he is, decided not to put the whole of his goods in his shop window after the fashion of inferior showmen, with the result that his carefully planned rock-garden was a pleasure, and not an eyesore, to behold. Even more charming was his little sunk Tudor garden, with its grey stone walls and garden-house. In the short time at our disposal we were unable to take careful note of hardy flowers, but we noticed a remarkably fine new perennial aster called *Falconeri*, a monster and improved version of *Aster alpinus*, for which Messrs. Barr received the much coveted Award of Merit.

R. E. N.

The Tournament at Olympia

IN spite of the warm weather, on Tuesday afternoon the large auditorium at Olympia was full of people assembled to witness the Royal Naval and Military Tournament. The spectacle was so varied that those with widely divergent tastes could not fail to be satisfied with it. Of the thirteen items on the programme—twelve of which took place—it is difficult to say which gave us the most pleasure. The pageant of "The Restoration, 1660," was bright and interesting, but did not seem to show up well in comparison with what we might term the real soldiers. The latter looked so smart, and carried all their competitions and exercises through in such a perfect manner that we felt that the present, in this instance, was preferable to the past, although the "Old-Time Manual, Firing, and Grenade Exercise" by the 2nd Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment was excellent. The musical drives and rides, too, were very good, and showed how sensitive and tractable a soldier's horse can become with training and kindness. The sailors, also, must not be left out, although we are sorry not to have seen the tug-of-war between the forces. The naval inter-port field-gun competition, however, was very fine, in spite of the fact that it was difficult not to feel sorry for the men who had to race with their heavy guns on so sweltering an afternoon.

The boys from the Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, gave a very pretty exhibition of Highland dancing, and the display of the non-commissioned officers of the headquarters gymnasium at Aldershot showed how physically fit military training makes a man, and is yet another proof of the necessity for all the young manhood of the country to undergo a course of instruction, as we have again and again urged in these columns. We wish that the lads of East as well as West could witness this tournament, as it must arouse within them patriotism and a desire to go and do likewise even if to a lesser extent.

Notes for Collectors

WITH the full tide of summer upon us, now come in the sales o' the year, and the "rooms" that are so attractive to the collector at all seasons take on a new delight, a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd treasures that the acute auctioneer brings into the open market, and prices surprise the modest speculator.

From June 2 onward, for many days Sotheby's are dealing with the third portion of one of the several remarkable Huth collections. Here be illuminated manuscripts and a fine series of printed *horæ* which will closely engage the attention of both the student and those who spread the graces of antique books across the world—to their own modest and well-deserved advantage.

Americans are said to be especially busy this year among the things that are most excellent, and we certainly wish them the best of luck, for it is owing to the careful connoisseurship of many of the richest buyers in the United States that we have at last been awakened to the beauty of much of our own old work which has lain idle for generations. When we were young there were a few people who collected in our own circle—harmless, pleasant, curious people, displaying the undoubted stigmata of the artist. We were among that modest class. Now, regrettably, everybody collects, and we retire before the big battalions.

But there are still plenty of valuable things to be bought at no great figure if you will pay the market price. You can no longer hope to draw out leviathan with a hook; but, like Sir Frederic Wedmore's pleasant hero, you can be "a collector—and fortunate." While the Huth books are being sold, other rooms at 13, Wellington Street, will offer us old prints, old Japanese colour prints, and some fine drawings by old masters. It is in these connections that many good speculations are being made at the present time, for the supply has not yet been exhausted by the largest collections and museums. In regard to antique Japanese work, there may be said to be an especially rising market, for the West is already destroying the character of the art of Nippon, and values, artistic and commercial, increase by the simple process of cutting off the supply. We hardly know if this result will be greatly forwarded by the importation of British art into Japan; but the Fine Art Society is sending over what is supposed to be a representative gathering of our pictures. We sincerely believe we have everything to learn from, and nothing to teach, either the Chinese or Japanese as regards art, but that may not be the generally accepted view.

The McCulloch collection of pictures at Christie's, of which we wrote last week, is still before the public. Hitherto much larger prices than we had expected have been obtained, and it seems likely that many masters, such as Swan, Brangwyn, Millais, and perhaps especially Orchardson, with two fine pictures, will show large profits to the late Mr. McCulloch's estate. Sir William Bass is having the whole of his beautiful

collections at Byrkley Lodge sold by Knight, Frank, and Rutley. There will be found a feast for collectors of furniture, books, pictures; from base to dome his vast mansion will be laid bare during the last days of June and the early ones of July, at the house near Burton-on-Trent. The family plate, collection of snuffboxes, and so forth will be sold at Hanover Square on July 3.

From our point of view, old silver is one of the most delightful and useful things to collect just now. With care, one can make few mistakes; old silver is of æsthetic value; it is useful, and its price per ounce increases as dawn follows night. In this connection we see Robinson and Fisher are selling 4,000 ounces of the late Mr. Durlacher's collection on the day we are published.

E. M.

Notes and News

The second volume of "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley," edited by her grandson, Mr. Richard Edgcombe, will, it is hoped, be published by Mr. Murray before the end of May.

The Year Book Press will shortly publish two fairy plays, entitled "The Changeling" and "The Golden Goose," by M. E. Wilkinson, M.A., principal of Aldeburgh Lodge School; also the 1913 edition of "The Girls' School Year Book," which is the official book of reference of the Association of Head Mistresses.

Messrs. Jack announce a biography of the most portentous figure in Europe at the present moment, viz., Ferdinand, King of Bulgaria. The work will be entitled "Czar Ferdinand and his People," and the author is Mr. John Macdonald, well known as special commissioner of the *Daily News* during the insurrection of 1903. The work is based on an intimate acquaintance with the Bulgarian court and people.

Mr. John Lane publishes, this week, "Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist: His Life and Work," by H. W. Dickinson, A.M.I.Mech.E.; illustrated, 10s. 6d. net. No biography dealing with the life-work of the celebrated Robert Fulton has appeared of late years, in spite of the fact that the introduction of steam navigation on a commercial scale, which was his greatest achievement, has recently celebrated its centenary.

In the June issue of the *Windsor Magazine* will be found the opening instalment of a new novel entitled "The Pathway," by Gertrude Page, whose stories of Rhodesian life have had a large success in the last few years. The publishers believe that this new serial will be eagerly looked forward to by the public which became enthusiastic over "The Silent Rancher," "The Edge o' Beyond," and the author's other vivid stories. "The Pathway" has already been dramatised, and will be produced after its conclusion in the *Windsor*.

Owing to his long and distressing illness, the late Mr. Monypenny was prevented making any serious

preparation for the third and succeeding volumes of his *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*. Mr. G. E. Buckle undertook the task of continuing the work when he was in South Africa. Since his return in April he has devoted himself to the labour of examining and arranging the materials, but Volume III cannot be completed and published before the autumn of 1914. It is confidently hoped, however, that the fourth and fifth volumes may appear at short and regular intervals after that date.

J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd., of Bristol, announce for autumn publication a book of *Memories of Charles Dickens*, by Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. Mr. Fitzgerald is the last survivor of the band of contributors to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, under the leadership of their founder, and his book will contain many valuable and interesting sidelights on Dickens and others associated with him—Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade, George Augustus Sala, John Forster. It will be a book of intimate personal recollections of some of the great literary giants of mid-Victorian days, and an important feature of the autumn publishing season.

At their meeting on Monday, the 19th inst., the Council of the Royal Society of Arts passed the following resolution:—

"On the occasion of the fiftieth award of the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts, the Council of the Society desire to offer the medal to H.M. King George V, for nine years President, and now Patron of the Society, in respectful recognition of his Majesty's untiring efforts to make himself personally acquainted with the social and economic condition of the various parts of his Dominions, and to promote the progress of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce in the United Kingdom and throughout the British Empire."

One of the most romantic stories of the stage ever written is that of Lavinia Fenton, who played "Polly Peachum" in "The Beggar's Opera" in 1728. Her history, together with much other matter connected with Gay's "Beggar's Opera," has for the first time been told in a book by Mr. Charles E. Pearce, the author of "The Amazing Duchess," etc., to be published this month by Stanley Paul and Co. under the title of "Polly Peachum." This book, which traces the continuous revivals of the play over 150 years, throws a remarkable light on life in Georgian London, and introduces such well-known actors and actresses as Peg Woffington, David Garrick, Charles Bannister, Anne Catley, and Kitty Clive. The 48 illustrations are from contemporary portraits and from designs by Hogarth.

MOTORING

LONDON motorists have again to thank their two organisations for successful opposition to the speed-limit campaign of the London County Council. It will be remembered that some months ago an application was made by the Council for the imposition of a ten-miles-an-hour limit along Cromwell Road and Gloucester Road, the suggestion being that the high speeds of motor vehicles were mainly responsible for

the accidents which have occurred in the thoroughfares mentioned. Having regard to the fact that Cromwell Road is one of the widest roads in the metropolis, and taking the view that the application, if granted, would form a precedent for the imposition of reduced limits on other important London roads where they are equally unnecessary, the R.A.C. and the A.A. and M.U. strongly opposed the application at the Local Government Board inquiry. Figures put in by the police showed that the average speed of the motor vehicles in the 94 accidents in which they had been involved in the roads referred to during the last three years was under 9 miles an hour, and that the vast majority of the accidents occurred at speeds of less than 10 miles an hour. This proved that high speed was not the factor mainly responsible for the accidents, and it is satisfactory to learn that the Council's application for the imposition of the reduced limit has been rejected.

One hears so much of motor accidents in this country that there is a possibility of overlooking the fact that the other motoring countries have quite an equal share of them, and that the problems involved are fully as acute and perplexing there as they are here. In Germany, for example, where in proportion to the population there are not a quarter as many cars in use as in this country, no fewer than 10,105 motor accidents were reported to the German Imperial Statistical Office during the year ended September 30, 1912. These accidents involved 442 deaths, in addition to which 5,542 persons were more or less seriously injured. About 34 per cent. of the total number of accidents were ascribable to excessive speed or careless driving, and 10 per cent. to the fault of third parties, whilst in about 50 per cent. of the cases it was impossible to ascertain definitely how the accidents really occurred.

A little tool designed to remove, expeditiously and easily, flints and other destructive agents which work their way into tyres will be sent, post free, to any motorist who will take the trouble to write for one to the Victor Tyre Company, Ltd., of Eagle Wharf Road, London, N. The best of covers is liable at any time to pick up a flint, which, unless promptly extracted, will cut deep enough to allow damp to percolate to the fabric and rot it. This is responsible for more tyre mischief than is generally realised, and there is no doubt that much economy might be effected by attention to this simple matter. The Victor Tyre Pick is admirably adapted for its purpose, and it costs nothing at all—two considerations which will ensure a ready demand.

One of the most interesting of the events which had to be omitted from the Brooklands Whit-Monday programme, owing to the wet condition of the track, was the race in which benzol was to be the only fuel used. This race, however, will be run off at the meeting to be held on Saturday, June 21, and it is anticipated that all the original entrants will compete. In the meantime the 16 h.p. Sunbeam, on Tuesday of last week, gave a very convincing demonstration of the efficiency of the

home-made fuel. Driven by Mr. T. Hearn and Mr. Coatalen respectively in attacks upon the half-mile and ten-lap records for Class C, this car, using benzol as the fuel, covered the former distance at a speed of 86.96 m.p.h., and the ten laps at an average of 82.55 m.p.h., beating the previous Humber and Crossley records by no less than 11 m.p.h. How much of the merit of this performance is due to the fuel and how much to the car it is, of course, impossible to exactly determine, but it is evident that so far as power production is concerned benzol is a perfectly satisfactory fuel.

At the open hill-climbing competition of the Herts County Automobile Club on Saturday last there were many good cars and much smart driving to be seen. In the classes for smaller cars the winners on formula were a 10-16 h.p. Mathis (Class 1) and a D.F.P. (Class 2). The contest in the classes for larger cars provided some excitement, notably in the ascent made by the Vauxhall driven by Mr. Hancock, whose time, though not officially made public, was easily the fastest made during the day, and beat the record for the hill by a good margin. Mr. Hancock's climb was a fine exhibition of skilful and determined driving. The winners in Classes 3 and 4 were respectively a 15 h.p. Crossley and a 25 h.p. Clement-Talbot.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE curious stagnation continues. Trade is good all over the world, but in the City the brokers are idle.

A few investment orders come in day by day, but the average investor prefers to put his money into his business. The continuous stream of new issues will eventually have a very bad effect upon the money market, for the bulk of them are not subscribed at all. It is true that the China Loan went. But it went because the great bankers took it up themselves and would not allow the small investor to buy any bonds outside the Stock Exchange. Indeed the whole deal was cleverly arranged. It was said that nothing was underwritten, but under the circumstances that is not surprising. It is still not settled that China will ratify the loan. She will get about seven millions out of the twenty-five and the balance will go to repay various monies advanced during the interregnum. Consequently, the whole loan will hardly upset the market as much as one would imagine. The Brazilian Traction 6 per cent. Preference offered by Dunn, Fischer and Co. do not appear to me particularly attractive in view of the uneasy feeling that the City has about this country. The City of Victoria Loan is too small to ever produce a good market in the shares, and I should prefer the Crisp Russian Railway Loan at same price and same interest, for it is a sound Government Guaranteed Bond.

There are numberless companies being prepared. The promoters must be in desperate straits, or they would never attempt to lure the public in days like these.

MONEY is now cheap and we may expect a reduction in the Bank Rate. But no one expects that the lower rate will last many months, and terrible tales are told of the money squeeze which may come upon us in the autumn. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. If trade dies away then we shall hear no more of the dear money bogey.

FOREIGNERS are somewhat upset at the perpetual unrest in the Near East. But on the Continent the general feeling is that no real business is meant, and that Greece, Bulgaria and Servia are only bluffing. In England we cannot gauge the tone of the Foreign Bourse; we are too insular. We still feel suspicious of Germany, whereas in Berlin the tone has quite changed, and Great Britain is once again popular. France gets all the abuse. Financiers in Berlin say that trade has fallen off, and that they expect dull days. Large sums have been lost in the war and much of it will never be regained. I think that those who desire sound securities may almost prepare to buy German Threes and Austrian Fours. But the copper position is too unsettled for me to advise a purchase of Tintos, and Perus—the other gambling counter—are not in fashion at the moment.

HOME RAILS should move upwards once confidence is restored, for they are by far the cheapest investments we possess. But when will shareholders insist upon more economical management? Were American railways run on the lines of an English company all would be in the hands of a receiver. If shareholders would only realise that they could get a certain ten per cent. dividend with mere ordinary economy they might bestir themselves. Traffics remain good; though trade is a shade slacker there is still enough business to keep most works hard at work till the end of the year. The Southern lines have again been bought by speculators who believe in Kent coal. The stocks are a good lock-up for a year or two, but no result can be expected under two years. Then we shall see a great change in the position. In three years' time the Kentish coalfield should give the L.C.D. and S.E.R. at least three million tons freight which they do not get to-day, and as this mineral traffic pays much better than passengers a lock-up of Dover A seems a certainty.

YANKEES are approaching a crisis. I am assured that within two years most of the smaller lines will go into the hands of a receiver as the big houses will not be able to finance them much longer. On the other hand, the bankers are buying Unions, Pennsylvanias and all the other good stocks. Southern Pacific have been marked up, why, I do not know, for though some sort of scheme has no doubt been prepared, it cannot benefit Southern Pacific, which are too dear to-day. "Frisco" is in need of money, and the line is in the hands of a receiver. The position to take in Yankees would appear to be—Buy the good and sell the bad.

RUBBER.—The Linggi report quite upset the rubber market, for though the dealers had expected much worse figures the public did not like the outlook and sold. It would appear that no hope of any revival remains in the Stock Exchange, which is "bearish." But Mincing Lane hopes for the best. The outputs are now growing very rapidly and 2s. 6d. rubber is said to be a certainty. The United States does not buy with readiness. The biggest consumer, the U.S. Rubber Co., has now its own plantations, and though they will not produce for another year or two the chance that Mincing Lane may lose its largest buyer is not encouraging to the "bulls." In my opinion almost all rubber shares are over-valued to-day.

OIL.—Now that we have had the Burmah figures, which are remarkably good, we must wait for Shell and Royal Dutch reports, which should also show record profits. But

though many people have been told that Shell profits will touch two and a quarter millions, there is not much desire to buy the shares. Anglo-American, the English branch of Standard Oil, will also get out its report next month. But the shares are not much dealt in here, and very few people hold them. The New York price is 20 dollars for the £1 share.

MINES are perhaps the dullest market in a very dull House. The Tanganyika report did not move anyone. There is still some talk of an upward movement in Nigerians, but frankly the whole dealing in this market is amongst the professionals—the public doesn't come in at all. The only tip in mines is "Johnnies," which are said to be going up—though upon what I cannot say. The company has some good mines under its management, and it is run by the shrewdest group in the Kaffir market. The share is also fairly cheap. But why it should move in such a dead market is more than I can say.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Liebig report shows a record both in gross sales and net profits. This splendid industrial increased its capital last year, but it still pays 22½ per cent. with ease, and I consider that both the Preference and Ordinary are first-class securities. Another admirable investment is Lyons, whose report again shows huge profits. This year the goodwill is extinguished. Sir Joseph Lyons is one of our greatest industrial organisers, and everything that he touches succeeds. The Bleachers report was much liked in Manchester, and in both this share and Fine Cotton Spinners advances have followed the reports. Fine Cotton Spinners chairman almost promised another scrip dividend next year. I am afraid that such a policy can only end in trouble. It is now announced that the strong group behind the Mexican National Railways will provide for the notes falling due in time, and will issue new notes. But the cost to the company will be so heavy that I see no chance of any dividend in the first Prefs., which should therefore be sold.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—

"Both thanks and use determine we to pay
Nature—her glory as our creditor
For Shakespeare's excellence.

Be our spirits touched

Finely to those fine issues.

Amen—So mote it be."

That is the grace before Shakespeare, in his own words (see "Measure for Measure," Act I., sc. 1) that I would say at the instance of Charles Lamb, who proposed it in his delightful essay on "Grace before Meat." Shakespeare's excellence was not one of those "smallest scruples" that Nature lends, and our thanks and use of it should therefore be the greater. Forty-five years ago my old friend Mr. Charles Roach Smith, the famous London antiquary, stated that the works of Shakespeare afford evidence in a remarkable degree of their writer's intimate acquaintance with country life; and that this evidence compels us to believe that in his early days he dwelt mostly in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon in and among the scenes which were so deeply impressed upon his memory as to afford a constant and copious

source of poetical imagery. In a pamphlet of seventy pages, Mr. Roach Smith cited nearly 300 passages in the plays referring to rural matters and showing a deep insight into country customs and pursuits and an intimate knowledge of horticultural processes and the business of the farm. If it be said that Shakespeare shows an equal knowledge of other professions or trades, and that he might by parity of reasoning have been a lawyer or a sailor, the answer is that it is not so; the incidental evidences of general knowledge are not to be compared with the accumulation of allusions to rural life which Mr. Roach Smith collected, and the force of which he held to consist in their vivid and vital character, in their infinity, and in their diffusion throughout the entire works of Shakespeare. From these it is apparent and conclusive that he must have had, in his early days, unusual facilities for observing the phenomena of Nature and all the details of the entire range of rural life. It is true that he worked to depict men and manners and not to write pastorals; that in doing so he displayed vast insight into the human mind and a powerful genius in depicting the passions of humanity; these considerations only increase our admiration for the excellence of his devotion to Nature, that "thrifty goddess."

Now let us turn to Francis Bacon. In his famous 46th essay "Of Gardens," he tells us "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment of the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks; and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely." He proceeds to hold that, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, and shows for each month in succession what they should contain; so that to him also we may say Nature lent some scruple of her excellence; but he closes his list with a significant observation: "These particulars are for the climate of London." Here, I think, lies the distinction between the two men. Bacon borrowed from Nature in Gray's Inn and in Goshambury, in gardens which are indeed "prince-like"; Shakespeare in the fields and woods and wilds of his native Warwickshire.

With regard to the possibility that the plays attributed to Shakespeare may have been the work of a great lawyer, there is one consideration that to my mind excludes it. It is that the law contained in the plays is so very bad. Take the "Merchant of Venice." Portia's argument that a conveyance of a pound of flesh did not include any blood is absurd. If I convey a field which is surrounded on all sides by my land, I convey a right of entry to that field across my land. So if the conveyance of a pound of flesh were a possible contract, it would include the right to draw as much blood as would be necessary to get the pound of flesh. Portia was on safer ground when she dealt with the contract as one levelled against the life of a citizen and therefore void. No man can licence another to murder him, and no murderer can plead the consent of his victim. Moreover, the very existence of Portia as a barrister is an idea that would have been wholly inconceivable to a lawyer of that day. Even if it seems to us a reasonable possibility, thanks to Miss Lind-af-Hageby, it was not so to him. Any presumption of legal knowledge from the occasional use of legal terms in the plays is thus quite unsupported.

Whoever wrote the "Merchant of Venice," it certainly was not Francis Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal and of the King's conscience, and chief judge of the High Court of Chancery, who did so. The theory that the author of the "Tempest" must have been a seaman, I need not

discuss; for it would put both William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon out of the running. I prefer to rely upon the positive evidence that the youth who was born at Stratford-upon-Avon and spent all his early years in that district of Warwickshire, brought with him to London a consummate knowledge of rural matters, and a faculty for observation of Nature and of human nature which enabled him later on to compose those signed sonnets which he distributed among his private friends and to produce his ever living plays. He gave, and we give through him, to Nature the glory which she demands. Yet, as Ben Jonson says:—

Yet must I not give Nature all: thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

Never were the two—Nature and Art—combined in more happy proportions than in the genius of William Shakespeare.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD BRABROOK,
President of the London
Shakespeare League.

1, Garden Court, Temple, May 24, 1913.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Will Mr. John Hutchinson cite a passage from Hallam expressing doubt of Shakespeare's authorship?

Mr. George Stronach cannot prove that certain words and phrases, the earliest use of which are found in Shakespeare, were coined by the poet. So far as the vocabulary is concerned, in every age it is the *writer* whose record remains, and who by degrees becomes its representative. Mr. Stronach states that the Bible was not taught in grammar schools such as Shakespeare attended. Shakespeare's knowledge and use of the Bible is well known. Will Mr. Stronach name the particular version the author made use of, and prove it by giving a few quotations?

Mr. Stronach's suggestion that "Hamlet" is a diminutive form, and signifies "a little Ham," and "a little Ham" is "Bacon," has been already offered for consideration, in an earlier letter, by Prof. H. G. Rawlinson. Francis Bacon did not invent the name of Hamlet, because the Shakespeare play is based upon an older play bearing the same title. So there is nothing to be made out of this contribution to the Baconian theory. On what authority does the Baconian learn that Shakespeare is an illiterate clown? The New English Dictionary applies that definition to Bacon = a rustic, a clown, a "chaw-bacon." Also the compound, Bacon-brains. The immortal bard supplies an illustration "On Bacons, on, what ye knaves?" And, again, "Bacon-fed knaves . . . down with them" (I Henry IV, ii, 2). This is Shakespeare's retort to the suggestion of clownage, and that "Hamlet" is a diminutive and signifies "Bacon."—I am, sir, yours faithfully,
London, E.C. TOM JONES.

[With Sir Edward Brabrook's letter this controversy is close.—ED. ACADEMY.]

SOME BACONIAN BLUNDERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. H. G. Rawlinson, in your issue of March 29, asks the question: "Do you suppose Bacon could have made Hector talk of young men whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear moral philosophy?" (*Troilus and Cressida*, II, ii, 167), and makes this a ground to insist on interpreting Ben Jonson's estimate, that Shakespeare knew "little Latin and less Greek," in the narrowest possible sense.

If your correspondent will turn to the late Prof. Dowden's "Essays, Modern and Elizabethan," p. 285, he will find, as a matter of fact, that Bacon, with all his imputed

proficiency in philosophical science, has himself made substantially the same statement in the "Advancement of Learning": "Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, wherein he saith that young men are not fit auditors of moral philosophy?" Dowden continues: "It was of political, not moral, philosophy that Aristotle wrote thus"; and he further explains that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon had here borrowed from the other, but that they had derived their information apparently independently from earlier works on the subject, such as Mulcaster's "Positions." He concludes by observing: "Mr. Spedding notices that the same error is found in Malvezzi's 'Discorsi,' 1622. It had some origin common to several European countries." In the same chapter of Dowden's book other parallelisms between the two aforesaid authors are accounted for.

The question of the full extent and literary value of Shakespeare's classical knowledge is perhaps a wider one than most people are willing to admit; yet even scholars will be inclined to prefer the plays of "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar" to the "Sejanus" and "Catiline" of "rare old Ben"; while in respect of technical accuracy, the Stratford poet may certainly be held as superior to Chaucer in his acquaintance with classical authors, as the age of the Renaissance was to the one that preceded it. Prof. Lounsbury, in his "Studies in Chaucer," Vol. II, chap v, has enumerated several grave errors in that writer's works, as, for instance, his representing Marsyas to be a female, instead of a male: thereby demonstrating how superficial, from the modern standpoint, Chaucer's scholarship really was, though long after his death his "learning" was held to be so profound as to have been acquired only by a residence at both Oxford and Cambridge.—I am, sir, yours obediently,
N. W. H.

San Francisco.

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ASSAY AND ESSAY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I thought, until I read one of your correspondents' criticism of my amiably intentioned contribution to the Bacon and Shakespeare controversy, that there was some distinction between an *essay* and an *essay*. It seems, however, that there is not, for I find that what I merely "assayed" has been interpreted by that high authority as an *essay*, and a naïve one at that—"worthy only of a sixth class schoolboy!" Very severe judgment, this! Still, I did not so much as dream that what I wrote could be classed even as a sixth-form *essay*. As a consequence, I am not as humble as I might be. But really "temper" had nothing whatever to do with my *essay*—for thus must I, at least, insist upon leaving it. There might, and very likely was, some superfluity of "words," but of bad temper there was none. For I have been greatly amused, as well as edified, by the mighty flow of language, and breezy exchange of compliments indulged by so many of your correspondents regarding this Baconian and Shakespearean controversy; and if my virgin "lance" did "flesh" someone, it was honestly ventured and fairly done. The "achievement" may not have been particularly "doughty," but it must have been at least somewhat meritorious.

But oh! if I had only unhorsed Sir Edwin! Unhappily I did not, for lo! he returns to the charge more Don Quixote-like than ever! and fairly stuns us by the clanging of his mighty "key," and dazzles us with his glittering "armour." Would that those mad suffragettes might burn his armoury and "unique library." For then no longer would Sir Edwin be enabled to "down" his every adversary and to heap calumny with impunity upon the fair name and memory of the Bard of Avon.

But to be more serious: I am convinced that this worthy baronet has allowed his whilom reason and profound "learning" to become obfuscated by *caste* prejudices and bias. He could not abide that a "mere player," or playwright, should have composed those noble plays and sonnets, those matchless comedies and tragedies, which have attained so world-wide and so enduring a sway over the hearts and minds, the sympathies and affections, and supreme universal command of the admiration and wonder of both simple and learned. Consequently, he must have it that it was all a mistake to attribute such genius to William Shakespeare "the player!" It *must* have been "some other"—and *he* an aristocrat and a scholar.

Hence this worthy baronet jumped at last to the conclusion that the real author could have been none other than Bacon. Nor was it a difficult feat, once such a conclusion was reached, to proceed a few steps further and so to distort and "controvert" all evidence as to reach the still more ridiculous conclusion that not only was Bacon Shakespeare, but that he was also the original founder of the modern English language and Simon Pure translator of the Bible! And so profound is Sir Edwin's learning, and so erudite, that he has actually succeeded in inflicting such an amazing mass of recondite rubbish upon his readers as to have rendered himself well nigh invincible (as ever was the Knight of La Mancha!) and impervious to all reason and commonsense. For Sir Edwin can fairly "cut capers" and throw somersaults such as no clown (even of Shakespeare's creation) could cut or "throw"—figuratively or literally—and can so confound all reason as to put poor Don Quixote's memory to shame.

Moreover, what Sir Edwin *cannot* read between the lines, and *into* his text, can by no possibility be *read into*, or between the lines, by any living mortal. Hence, the dear and doughty gentleman is a veritable wonder; and it is positively delightful to encounter such a marvel.

In vain, then, were it to adduce a particle more "evidence," whereby to refute *his* remarkable assertions and deductions. As well might one attempt to *disprove* those of an inmate of Bedlam.

At that I will leave Sir Edwin in free possession of his "Key"—which I simply decline either to borrow or take slightest advantage of. My compliments to Sir Edwin Durand!

EDWIN RIDLEY.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I notice, in your issue of the 24th inst., that Mr. Martin still has something to say on the subject of Christian Science. It is, however, unfortunate for Mr. Martin that the "fresh proofs" to which he refers have no more foundation in fact, and carry no more conviction, than many of the numerous other remarks on Christian Science he has seen fit to make from time to time, since they are merely the outcome of his own imagination. So imaginary are they that further comment is really unnecessary. This much I will ask you to allow me to say, however, no "cultured and progressive" American, nor anyone else for the matter of that, who knows anything of Christian Science, "is on the high road to looking on Mrs. Eddy as divine." Mrs. Eddy, as the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, will always rank among the greatest of women; but while Christian scientists, and, indeed, many who have not yet proved for themselves the value of Christian Science to humanity, are profoundly grateful to Mrs. Eddy for all she has done for mankind, they could never adopt the attitude mentioned by Mr. Martin, except through a gross misunderstanding of her example and teaching. If Mr. Martin knew to what extent Christian Science had enabled people to dispense with "crutches, spectacles," and numerous other artificial supports, he would realise that the closing lines of his letter constitute an excellent proof of the saying that many a true word is spoken in jest.

May I, in conclusion, quote a few lines, published by a well-known newspaper on the occasion of the passing away of Mrs. Eddy. They are "to have founded a faith which has its followers wherever there is civilisation, and counts them by the hundred thousand, is of itself title to such fame as few men and few women earn. At least this tribute to Mrs. Eddy men of all creeds, as well as the creedless, may unite in giving."—Yours truly,

ALGERNON HERVEY-BATHURST.

May 23, 1913.

[We can allow only one brief reply to this; the correspondence on the subject must not be re-opened.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE LONGEST SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—If lengthy sentences be for a crown of glory then doubtless Charles Kingsley, and not Mr. Stronach, wears that weighty crown. After having glanced at Mr. Stronach's letter in your issue of May 10 I happened to commence the re-reading of "Westward Ho!" and being struck by the length of the sentences, wasted some golden minutes (the gods forgive me!) in counting the words contained in a few. In chapter I. are three sentences ranging thus—179, 204, 178—to a word or two, while Chapter II all but opens with a readable sentence of 342 words.

Mr. Stronach being beaten, I retire. No doubt Kingsley proceeded to write longer sentences—they appear to be

his normal descriptive means—but I do not intend to count them.

It would be absurd to quote the sentences; readers interested in such curiosities will find those to which I have referred on pp. 10, 12, 14 and 23, vol. I. of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s "Pocket Edition" (1895) of "Westward Ho!"—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
20, Upper Gray Street, Edinburgh. JAMES RITCHIE.

MODERN ART AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir—My attention has been called to the excellent article on the above exhibition in your issue dated the 17th inst., for which I thank you. I think it well, however, to point out to you that your representative has made one error in describing Mr. E. A. Hornel's picture entitled "April" as painted by Miss Mary Michie. The painting by Miss Michie is a small study of yellow roses, whereas your description refers to the picture by Mr. Hornel. Perhaps you will be kind enough to correct this in your next issue?—I am, Sir, with compliments, yours faithfully,
C. R. CHISMAN.

63, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C., May 20, 1913.

In our article on this subject last week we appear to have attributed to Miss Mary Michie, under the title of "Roses," a picture by Mr. Hornel called "April." We regret the mistake in attribution, and are sorry that he should have been deprived, even temporarily, of the credit due to him for an excellent picture.

THE ART CRITIC.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Burma Under British Rule.* By Joseph Dautremere. Translated, and with an Introduction by Sir George Scott, K.C.I.E. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)
- La Vie Politique dans les Deux Mondes: 1^{er} Oct. 1911—30 Sept. 1912.* Compiled by A. Viallate and M. Caudel. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10fr.)
- William Morris: A Study in Personality.* By A. Comp-ton Rickett. With an Introduction by R. B. Cunningham Graham and Portrait Frontispiece. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Ireland Under the Commonwealth.* By Robert Dunlop. 2 Vols. (Sherratt and Hughes. 25s. net.)
- Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675.* By Marie Catherine, Baronne d'Aulnoy. Translated by Mrs. W. H. Arthur. Edited with Notes by G. D. Gilbert. (John Lane. 16s. net.)
- The Travels of Ellen Cornish: Being the Memoir of a Pilgrim of Science.* By Vaughan Cornish. Illustrated. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 12s. 6d. net.)
- A Short History of English Liberalism.* By W. Lyon Blease. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet.* By Sven Hedin. Vol. III. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

VERSE.

- St. Francis of Assisi, and Other Poems.* By the Rev. H. Pakenham-Walsh, M.A., B.D. (James Nisbet and Co. 1s. net.)
- The Flute of Sardonyx.* Poems by Edmund John. (Herbert Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

- Cyrus. (According to Dinon, 460 B.C.) A Fabulous Tragedy in Prologue and Four Acts.* By J. Marriott Hodgkins. With Frontispiece. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Hebrew Anthology.* Edited by G. A. Kohut. With an Introduction by Hudson Maxim. 2 vols. (Crosby, Lockwood and Co. 21s. net.)
- The Hand in the Dark, and Other Poems.* By Ada Cambridge. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)
- Dauber.* A Poem by John Masefield. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Alice Meynell. With Portrait. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)
- Fire and Wine.* By J. G. Fletcher. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Dilettante, and Other Poems.* By A. G. Shirreff. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Flood of Youth.* By Sherwood Spencer. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
- The Red Horizon, and Other Verses.* By Evangeline Ryves. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Verses and Carols.* By E. M. Dawson. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Simon Dean, and Other Poems.* By Sandys Wason. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- The Witchery of Earth.* By A. Gordon Steven. (G. Robertson and Co., Melbourne.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Euripides and Mr. Bernard Shaw.* By Gilbert Norwood, M.A. (The St. Catherine Press. 1s.)
- The Married Woman.* A Play in Three Acts by C. B. Fernald. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Christopher Columbus.* An Historic Drama in Four Acts by Roland Hill. Illustrated. (Sampson Low and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare in the Theatre.* By William Poel. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s. net.)
- The Soul of a Dog.* By Vivian Evans. With Frontispiece. (F. Sherlock. 1s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- Lu of the Ranges.* By Eleanor Mordaunt. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
- The Gods are Athirst.* By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (John Lane. 6s.)
- A South African Heiress.* By Mrs. T. M. Wakeford. (John Long. 6s.)
- The Little Maister.* By R. H. Forster. (John Long. 6s.)
- The Presence of the Kindly Patriarch.* By Raymond Taunton. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)
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- Barry and a Sinner.* By John Barnett. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

MUSIC.

- Masterpieces of Music: Meyerbeer.* By Arthur Hervey. Verdi. By Sir A. C. Mackenzie. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.)

PERIODICALS.

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